

The Inquirer.

A Journal of Liberal Religious Thought and Life.

ESTABLISHED IN 1842.]

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3448.
NEW SERIES, No. 552.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1908.

[ONE PENNY.

CONTENTS.

| | |
|--|-----|
| NOTES OF THE WEEK... | 465 |
| LEADER:— | |
| The Peace Congress ... | 472 |
| ARTICLES:— | |
| In the Crow's Nest ... | 466 |
| Getting Married ... | 469 |
| Professor Otto Pfeleiderer ... | 472 |
| The Individual and the Church,—II. ... | 476 |
| MEETINGS:— | |
| Summer Session for Sunday School | |
| Teachers—II. ... | 473 |
| The Unitarian Van Mission ... | 477 |
| Carmarthen College ... | 474 |
| CORRESPONDENCE:— | |
| A Warning ... | 470 |
| Training for Social Work ... | 470 |
| LITERATURE:— | |
| Wyclif ... | 467 |
| Holyoake's Life and Letters ... | 468 |
| Gospels of Anarchy ... | 469 |
| ORITUARY:— | |
| Mr. F. Pinnock ... | 471 |
| POETRY:— | |
| The Sacred Veil ... | 466 |
| The Unitarian Life ... | 471 |
| The Tapestry Weavers ... | 476 |
| THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN ... | 471 |
| NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES ... | 478 |

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Universal Peace Congress meets next week, its business being transacted at Caxton Hall, Westminster; receptions will take place at the Hotel Metropole and the Lyceum Club, and there will be a banquet at the Hotel Cecil; a public meeting, to be addressed by Mr. Lloyd George, will be held on Tuesday in the Queen's Hall, and other able speakers are to address a "Young People's Demonstration" in the same hall on Thursday. A "Labour Demonstration" in Trafalgar-square is to take place on Saturday afternoon. We have no doubt that many earnest friends in different parts of the country will be interested in this deeply significant series of meetings. The Rev. W. G. Tarrant has been appointed delegate on behalf of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

MR. RUNCIMAN, speaking last Saturday, and Mr. Birrell on the same day at another place, alluded to the education difficulty, and so far as can be gathered, the outlook is not wholly discouraging, except to those of us who believe the secular solution to be the only proper one. The *Guardian* is distinctly more hopeful than of late, on what particular grounds we cannot say; on the other hand, Mr. Runciman protests that the teacher must be untested and the children of nonconformists or others freed from the necessity of attending sectarian instruction. Parliament rises with this difficulty still to be arranged; Old Age Pensions may be safe, and even a Licensing Act may not be past hoping for, but who

shall satisfy both the priest and his opponent in the struggle to capture the child?

COUNT TOLSTOY'S profoundly impressive indictment of the Tsar and his Government demands attention. However men may vary in their attitude towards Tolstoy's political creed, they will, in this country at least, be almost of one mind in their admiration of his courage and in the conviction that his protest is not without serious provocation. Most telling of all is the passage where the octogenarian patriot points out that, since all this bloodshed is alleged to be for the benefit of the Russian people, it is therefore on his behalf personally, as for every Russian. The destitution of the landless people, the hypocrisy of the priesthood, the wholesale transportations, the existence of thousands of hungry workmen, the deaths from typhus and fear of the imprisoned, the widows of the exiles, the vast army of spies, the shooting and the hanging, and the interments—all these are *for him*. When all citizens feel like that there will be reform, in Russia and here.

THE late Canon Charles Bigg, of Christ Church, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, who died on July 15 (having taken the cathedral service on the Monday evening before), was the son of a Manchester merchant and went up from the Manchester Grammar School to Oxford, where he had a distinguished career. He was for some time a schoolmaster, and then a country clergyman near Leamington. His Bampton lectures of 1886 on the "Christian Platonists of Alexandria," rank as a standard work, and in 1901 he was appointed by Mr. Balfour to the Regius Professorship, in succession to the late Dr. William Bright. He is remembered as a delightful lecturer, a literary artist and thorough scholar, simple and gentle in manner, and a reconciler of divisions while a keen seeker for the just and true. The Temple edition of the "Imitation" with his introduction is a delightful little book.

THE International Visits Association has been founded to study the customs and institutions of other countries. Visits have been paid to Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and this year Norway is again chosen. Lectures will be given in English by Norwegian authorities at the University of Christiania, and visits paid in connection with the lectures to characteristic institutions in the neighbourhood. Lectures will be given also on Ibsen and Björnson, there

being an "Ibsen week" at the National Theatre. The party will be "received" in Christiania on Aug. 18. The Association has as its president the Earl of Stamford, and as members of the council, Miss M. Shaw-Lefevre, Mrs. J. R. Macdonald, Professors F. J. Edgworth, Paul Vinogradoff, Michael Sadler, Patrick Geddes, Mr. Sidney Webb, Rev. Philip Wicksteed, Mr. W. H. Maenamara, and Mr. MacCallum Scott.

Too commonly, liberal religion is spoken of as though it were necessarily opposed to what is "Evangelical." It is refreshing, therefore, to meet with a protest against this kind of theological expropriation. In an able article in the *British Congregationalist*, in which he deals with the recent manifesto, Mr. G. W. Boag asks, "What is 'the Evangelical Position'?" That which is evangelical must relate to the Evangel, or good news; under which titles the Christian Church has been wont to recognise the character and work of 'the historic Jesus.' The real evangelical position signifies, at any time, the varying affirmation of the ever-growing Christian consciousness respecting the person and influence of Jesus in the hearts and minds of his followers. To ascribe to the evangelical position the office of a tradition, or see it as a substratum of unalterable theology, is to stultify, not to simplify Christianity. It is not any evidence of 'a continuous tradition' that there are theologians to-day who think they do not differ fundamentally from the declaration of faith and order of 1833. The question is not what they think of the evangelical position of 1833, but what those who made the declaration seventy-five years ago would (if they were here) think of the evangelical position of to-day."

It is curious to note that the Wesleyan Book Room is advertising a cheap edition of Spurgeon's Commentary on the Psalms. The fear of the influence of Calvinism, a traditional dread of the Wesleyans for generations, must have died away, or such an announcement would be hardly possible. For surely no volume of Spurgeon's will be wholly free from the doctrines of unconditional election and of final perseverance, which Spurgeon gloried in continually; though he also delighted to puzzle the timid and amaze the logical by ignoring those favourite doctrines for pages at a time. The Wesleyans, however, know well that their present battle is not with Calvinism, but rather with scepticism, with indifference, with worldliness bold and unashamed, and he who would do earnest duty against these will find many a hint

to help him, original or selected, in Spurgeon's comments on the Psalter. Without a volume of that "Treasury of David" at hand, one comment on Psalm xxxiv. lingers in the memory. It might yet be useful in some revival meetings, especially those of the Salvation Army. There is no reference, says Spurgeon (quoting from memory we had better not use quotation marks)—no reference in the Psalm of David's conduct before Abimelech; David played the fool with admirable dexterity *but was not so real a fool as to boast about it afterwards*. Would not that note have been useful to some of those who have written their own biographies?

THE London Laymen and Ministers played their cricket match on the ground of the Hornsey Club on Monday, July 20. The victory passed from the Ministers to the Laymen this year—the winners succeeded in making about four runs to every one made by the defeated. There were a number of onlookers, the majority of whom were ladies. India, America, and Scotland were represented: Essex Hall by the secretaries of the Unitarian and the Sunday School Associations. Rev. A. A. Charlsworth captained the Ministers, Mr. Harold Wade the Laymen. The members of the Hornsey Club provided tea, besides giving permission to use their excellent field.

FOR those who wish to combine serious study with holiday pleasure the programme of the Fabian Summer School looks attractive. The school begins its meetings to-morrow (July 26) and continues for seven weeks, its home being Llanbedr, Merioneth. Mr. Graham Wallas, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mrs. Sidney Webb, and other well-known lecturers will take their turn at the desk.

THE SACRED VEIL.

SOMETIMES with timely warning, sad and slow,

Sometimes with sudden overwhelming blow,

The veil of death descends,
And hides from sight those whom our hearts
would hold,

And we must bend our heads, our hands
must fold

Through the dark days God sends.

But though the sacred veil hides them
from eyes

Dim now with tears, their love shall surely
rise

And cheer our spirits frail;
Their loving hands are stretched towards
us still,

Their loving hearts guard us through good
or ill,

From out beyond the veil.

And when we in our loneliness, stretch forth
Our longing hands, they wreathe our daily
path

With love that ne'er shall fail,
With tender memories, and with hopes
set free,

Winging our souls on to the day when we
Shall also pierce the veil.

F. LAWFORD.

IN THE CROW'S NEST.

INDIVIDUAL Germans can make themselves very much at home in England, and individual Englishmen in Germany, but when crowds of Britons meet crowds of Germans in a neutral land they do not get on at all well together. Both nations are arrogant—there is not a pin's worth of difference between them in that respect; but the German, who is more demonstrative in his enthusiasm and his politeness, is more demonstrative in his arrogance too. The Englishman is always hunting out new holiday resorts (where he invariably finds a Scot or two already in possession); after a few years the German is upon him there also; a decade or so later the place is predominantly German. Thus it has fared with St. Moritz and Pontresina, Lugano and Montreux. As for Schuls, I walked up and down its promenade for two days, and never heard a single word of English.

But in the Berner Oberland the Briton, fortified by the moral support of an army from America, still plays a leading part. In the fifty hours I spent at the foot of the Jungfrau I heard more English than the past twelve months, outside my own house, had brought to my ear. Not only did "that dear language, which I spake like thee," resound in the train, on the boat, in the Interlaken streets, on the funicular, in the hotels, but even the chairman of the local Reformverein, Herr Staub, and several among the Pfarrer and Pfarrerinnen of the neighbourhood, addressed me in my native tongue. It was almost as good as a visit to England.

Neither Mürren nor Grindelwald nor Basel lies in the direct route between Interlaken and Fuldera, but in making what was, as we learned to say in the war time, "practically" a bee-line for home, I contrived to take them all in. You are hauled up to Mürren, which is only a few feet lower than Fuldera, by a cable and an electric railway. "To the left," when Baedeker and the weather keep their promise, "a magnificent view of an amphitheatre of mountains and glaciers unfolds." He mentions a baker's dozen of Horns and Grats. We had a perfect day—weather so flawless that we forgot to think of it—and I never saw such majestic hills before. The Jungfrau is higher than our own Bernina and our neighbour the Ortler; and Piz Bernina, surrounded by courtier summits, can never be viewed in his full stature, while the Ortler must be looked at from afar (from the Vintschgau above St. Valentin) if you would see more than his regal head and shoulders. But from Mürren you see, just across the valley, the whole superb loftiness of the Jungfrau range. The peculiar charm of the Berner Oberland lies in this setting together, in one picture, of luxuriant summer and eternal ice. It is true that loveliness and grandeur are never combined in quite such Eden-like proportions as in the outlook from Campfer towards Maloja, in my dear Bündnerland; but the Bern folk have many and many a prospect of the kind, and have foliage to work with, as well as pine-wood. Be theirs ungrudged the palm.

Later in the day we saw the Jungfrau at closer quarters, from the Scheidegg between Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald. The

Staubach glistened iridescent above us and below us, now on the right, now on the left, as we zig-zagged up to the Wengernalp. and the engine behind us panted "Donnerwetter! Donnerwetter!" all the way. Just as we sat down to lunch at the Scheidegg station, face to face with stupendous mountains, a sudden thunder drew our eyes to the mighty Mönch, who sent down a huge avalanche by way of greeting. No wonder we forgot to eat, and were driven unfed into the train for Grindelwald!

I had intended to reach Basel the same night, to spend a few days with Pfarrer Altherr, but the two trains at Interlaken refused, by about three minutes, to make both ends meet. So I stuck to my party, enjoyed a thunderstorm on the lake of Brienz, and went to sleep at Meiringen. Most of us, dwellers in Luzern or Zürich, Thurgau or St. Gallen, set off next morning by an early train, and we three who started from Bevers were again alone. To Bündner, who know the Taminaschlucht and the Viamala, the celebrated Gorge of the Aare does not promise much, so we devoted our forenoon to the Gorge of the Alpbach, and two of us succeeded in penetrating it. The waterfall was warmly admired in Bergagliot and Ladin, and behaved exactly as if it had been praised in Sanskrit and Choctaw. In the afternoon we rode together over the Brünig to Luzern, where I waved adieu to the train for Zürich, and, climbing into another which was black with the smoke of the St. Gothard tunnels, reached Basel in time for supper at St. Leonhard's hospitable Pfarrhaus.

It is good to hold converse, whether in Shrewsbury or in Basel, with a veteran of the fierce old campaigns, still stalwart in the van of our milder battle, but made mellow by great experiences in thought and feeling. Pfarrer Altherr is a hard-working parson, but he contrived some leisure in the late evenings, which, with one unforgettable afternoon, he bestowed on me. For the rest, I was not at a loss. I have friends who live beyond the railway station, and the walk across that poetic spot always delights me. Who that has the least spark of historical or geographical imagination would not be fired by what is there to be seen? That is the sleeping-car from Paris to Vienna, this the through carriage between Venice and Berlin. The Chemin de fer Alsace-Lorraine has become the Elsass-Lothringenbahn. Book here for London or Toledo; next window for Rome, Prague, or Trieste. If John Milton could hang with grooms and porters on the bridge, he would give us a great rolling thesis about the far-flung lines, which will soon stretch indeed

"From Carnbalu, seat of Cathaian Can
And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan Kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahore of Great Mogul,
Down to the Golden Chersonese."

Beyond the railway lies the Gundelinger Quarter, where I meet my friends, and ride with them past the St. Jakob monument, past the Münchenstein bridge, whose predecessor broke down into the Birs with an excursion train seventeen years ago, and slew eighty-seven gay pleasure-seekers, and on to Arlesheim, whither they too, poor souls, were bound. Into the house nearest the accident a

wounded child, with other sufferers, was carried, and in that house he died. His parents bought it, and have dedicated it as a convalescent home for children. Did ever grief utter itself with more pathos?

To a mountain dweller, the romantic gentleness of Arlesheim makes an irresistible appeal. There are waters where you can stand on a little wooden pier and feed the trout, as you do in the Silent Pool at the Duke of Northumberland's place near Guildford. There are queer little winding caves in the side of the hill. There are the ruins of historic castles crowning every height, from which you may gaze over the orchards of Basel Land and Solothurn, and the sullen waves of the Black Forest. There is the hermitage with an avaricious automaton hermit, and a genuine bed of moss on which he never reposes. There are dropping-wells innumerable, storks sailing on motionless wings, now and again an unexpected statue, like that to Victor Delille: "Qui fait aimer les champs fait aimer la vertu." But, above all, there are leaves, a great green firmament of oak, birch, and beech, with their comrades of the lower forest, unending laughter of glancing light, infinite play of form, as the masses break and join; for every degree of the sun's course you have a new chapter of beauty, and the whisper of leaf on leaf is the very music of peace.

And yet a grim yew here and there has other tales to tell of what he saw when the great-grandfathers of these present oaks stood about him. On a day in August, 1444, when the Dauphin led his Armagnacs against Basel and the Eidgenossen, the whole campaign between the city and the hills was seething with war; and at St. Jakob on the Birs the most heroic of all Swiss battles was fought. Out of fifteen hundred men of the cantons, twelve hundred fell; but the great French army did not venture to close again with such foes. Besides the splendid group of statuary in Basel, they have another monument in the Swiss national hymn, which is sung to the tune of our own:

"Heil dir, Helvetia,
Hast noch der Söhne ja
Wie sie Sankt Jakob sah,
Freudvoll zum Streit."

Some fifty years later, after Benedict Fontana had driven the Emperor Max's men out of our Münstertal, and lost his life in that glorious deed, they broke into Switzerland from the north and camped at Dornach, just over the river from Arlesheim. Five thousand men of Bern, Solothurn, and Zürich put to flight or slaughter three times their number. You can see, beyond the bridge, the pyramid of skulls, and the famous answer which the Solothurner gave to the monks of Basel, who begged the bodies of slain nobles: "The lords must lie with the peasants."

I have not time to tell you of our voyage up the Rhine in the new steamboat to the Waldhaus, when a hundred white arms waved greeting to us from the jealousies of the Frauenbad, as if we had been a crew of Moslem physicians, and a hornet buzzed about our supper-table, and we were all agog to catch sight of Count Zeppelin's balloon, which did not appear; but I must speak of my last afternoon with Pfarrer Altherr. A sick-visit which he

wished to pay to a girl of twenty, his Konfirmandin, decided the route. We rode by train to Therwil, and broke our journey in the village where she lay. I waited some twenty minutes near the house, and when my companion appeared he walked on for a time in silence. Then he said, "She is dead"; and after a time, "I have seen many a sad scene, but never any so heart-rending as this." The poor girl had known his voice, and opened her eyes to see his face, before she closed them on this world for ever; and the sense of her release, and the loss of those to whom she was dear mingled with the loveliness of a June evening in this beautiful land. Now, this was a case of tuberculosis, contracted by infection. And this case is one of many, many thousands of the kind. And the Church whose founder said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," can save, if it will, many, many thousands more from a like fate by making it a religious duty to teach and practise the simpler rules of health. And yet I cannot persuade a single Christian that he is called on *as such* to move a hand in this work of salvation. "Bands of Health? In churches? In Sunday Schools? What has religion to do with sanitation?" The function of religion, I am to suppose, is to let people sicken, and then pray by their deathbed.

While in Basel I called on that wonderful young man, Professor Wernle, who has just published a compendium of academic theology, and on Pfarrer Ragaz, of Boston fame, who was in the act of accepting the chair left vacant at Zürich by the death of Professor Christ. I arranged to have time in Zürich to carry greetings to Professor Schmiedel, but he was unfortunately away. Quite a number of the nicest people I know are, or have been, or are going to be professors, and my ignorance delights to bask in their august conversation. I lingered a day in the Oberengadin, to see friends in Celerina, and the first to salute me was a beautiful collie called Flock, who sprang upon me and raced around me, then laid his head on my knee and whined for joy, in true canine fashion. O these gracious, simple-hearted tokens that gladden life, how much more often do they come to us from bow-wows than from bipeds!

My Pfarrhaus was flying the British flag—but not for me; hardly had the coach set me down when Martinus and Martina, brown from a tour in the Tyrol, arrived on foot. We brought hither the fatted turnip, and began to be merry.

E. W. LUMMIS.

THERE is not one sacred hour of the heart's intercourse with others, in which we are not looking to, and living upon, the Unseen. The eye that looks on us is but the material organ of an unseen spirit's love; the familiar voice that speaks to us draws its tones from an unsearchable heart, whose life is hid with God; the very hand that is clasped in ours has a pressure of tenderness that belongs not to flesh and blood, and is an impress from the unseen soul. Blessed then be God that they are the things that are seen that are temporal, and the things that are unseen that are everlasting!—*John Hamilton Thom.*

LITERATURE.

WYCLIF.*

PERHAPS there is no great Englishman of whose personality and private life so little is known as of Wyclif's. It is comparatively easy to point out the relation of his religious and ecclesiastical views to the Church of his time and to the Reformation, and the conditions amid which his social opinions took shape have received adequate treatment, notably in Mr. Trevelyan's masterly book. But Wyclif is to most of us a named influence rather than an actual man. Conjecture assigns the Tees-side as the home of his boyhood, though the orthodox de Wyclifs of later years repudiated any connection with him, even going so far, it is suspected, as to tamper with the family pedigree. There is much obscurity, also, about the events of his student-days and his subsequent life in Oxford. None of those intimate personal anecdotes which explain and illuminate the public life of a great man have been handed down to us. Without them Wyclif presents somewhat of an enigma. A man probably derived from the land-owning classes, who had communistic views, and sympathised with the blind struggle of the landless masses towards freedom, and yet enjoyed the constant support of the nobility; a "Northerner" who was extraordinarily popular with the Southern scholars of Oxford at a time when faction feuds were usual; an expert in scholastic learning who carried the University with him in his revolt against that scholasticism for which it was famous; a royal favourite who devoted his declining years to translating the Bible into the vulgar tongue; a beneficed rebel against Rome who succeeded in dying in his bed—Wyclif requires the best that biography can do to make him comprehensible. No doubt his courage and uncompromising bluntness of speech endeared him to many of his contemporaries, but we suspect other unrecorded qualities, perhaps a strong personal charm. Accordingly, any new book on the Reformer arouses expectation. We must confess, however, that the Rev. J. C. Carrick, in his "Wycliffe and the Lollards," fails to add much to our knowledge either of Wyclif himself or of his historical significance. Surely the many treatises and pamphlets by the Reformer might be made to yield a more definite picture if treated by a writer possessing insight and imagination.

The book before us, in so far as it is to be considered seriously, is an example of history written with a bias. It exhibits that peculiar "Protestant" temper of mind which misjudges the Catholic Church and misinterprets the Reformation. The ill-sounding word "mechanicalism," repeated in wearisome fashion page after page, hardly does justice to the Catholic devotion of nineteen centuries. Nor is the serious reader much helped by Mr. Carrick's humorous reference to the frailty of Pope Joan. Perhaps the lives of the Popes, whom he describes jocularly as "beauties," were as flagrantly immoral as he declares, but we imagine that there

* "Wycliffe and the Lollards." By Rev. J. C. Carrick, B.D. The World's Epoch-Makers Series. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1908. 3s.)

are black sheep in every ministry. As regards the Reformation, we are told that its foundation-principle was "the recognition of Scripture interpreted by private judgment as an authority superior to Church decisions." Doubtless modern rationalism is a product of the Reformation; probably, also, a few of the early reformers trusted the ordinary man's capacity to understand Scripture, but it was soon discovered that unrestricted liberty resulted in contradictory interpretations, and could no longer be tolerated. Practically, the Reformation withdrew authority from Rome and vested it in committees of theologians or in German and Swiss town councils, while the man who ventured to interpret Scripture according to his private judgment had an equal chance of being burned by Protestants or Catholics. The sixteenth century was by no means the happy age for independent thinkers which some enthusiasts for the Reformation would have us believe.

Of our author's literary methods the following excerpts may be taken as fair examples. He is speaking of Robert Grossetête, Bishop of Lincoln: "From the cloisters of Lincoln Cathedral, overlooking the flat rich lands watered by the Trent, the Witham, the Welland, and the Ancholme, came forth an influence which purified and ennobled all the diocese, and was wafted like a sweet incense over England, to its spiritual refreshment and growth in grace—an influence which, as at Bedford with Bunyan, is still felt, and has drawn forth into the fulness of life many great and saintly bishops and scholars, none more so than Bishop Wordsworth and Bishop King, whose scholarship, devotion, and piety have kept up the old tradition, while the latter's noble and intrepid stand for spiritual independence raised him to a great position in the estimation of all who have a respect for Christian consistency and courage. Even in old age the flourish is there still." This style of writing may be described as "inclusive," or, in other words, Mr. Carrick is an incorrigible wanderer, and pursues his devious way through a wilderness of irrelevant facts. The compliment to the modern dignitaries of Lincoln is deft, and the names of the four tributaries give a fine touch of local colour. On another page the mention of Avignon reminds him that Marseilles is "a little further south," and since we are arrived at Marseilles we might as well notice the gilded virgin on the tower of Notre Dame de la Garde, and the shipping in the bay. He finds it necessary, in connection with foreign Lollardism, to refer to Anne of Bohemia, the Queen of Richard II. This leads him to the effigies in Westminster Abbey, where Richard's heart was buried. Richard reminds him of the Order of the Bath and Edward the Confessor. Next we fly off at a tangent to Sheen, where Anne died, and thence to Flanders, which supplied the wax for the funeral-torches. The tomb is described; the cost of the chapel in which it lies is given, together with the information that the names of its artificers are preserved, and finally we are given to understand that the right hands of the figures of Richard and Anne were originally clasped tenderly together, but both arms have now been stolen. Of a somewhat different

character of writing is the suggestion that Wyclif, living by the Tees, may have been influenced by the traditions of early British Christianity. "It is the land consecrated for ever by the memories of St. Aidan and the Holy Island of the East Coast, where even yet St. Cuthbert's sea-stone beads and white, wild, ocean-washed ducks, making their home at Lindisfarne and the other isles off Bamborough, rendered illustrious either by missionary, saint, or modern heroine, speak of the sacred influences early at work in Northumbria." Anyone who masters the intricacies of this sentence, with its telling allusion to Grace Darling, will doubtless desire to make acquaintance with the erudite birds which speak of sacred influences. As may be imagined, our author has a distaste for ordinary words. In his glowing diction, Balliol College becomes "the College by the Isis," Queen's College is the "House of the Boar's Head," Rome is "Tibur-side," the Pope is the "Fisherman's Successor," England is the "little rocky island on the North-West corner of Europe." Even the humble elephant is referred to as a "truncated quadruped." We do not complain, for every touch of variety in this commonplace world is welcome. But why not "trunciferous," which, perhaps, is more correct, and certainly sounds better? We make a present of it to anyone who is tired of the homely word "elephant." Nevertheless, though these are pardonable exuberances, it is hard to forgive our author for his chapter on "Wycliffe's Early Surroundings." The first half deals with the primitive Columban or Culdee Church, and the latter half with the Scotch Reformation in the sixteenth century. We fail to understand how these movements surrounded Wyclif, except in the sense that one existed long before his time, and the other long afterwards.

A. H. THOMAS.

HOLYOAKE'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

THESE two volumes rank among the really useful biographies. Mr. Holyoake's long life (1817-1906) was spent in vigorous efforts connected with great issues. His story is that of an earnest, able, and, on the whole, successful pioneer, and adds to its illustration of last century's progress in liberty and social reform the picture of a strong mind imbued with lofty ideals. He is fortunate in his biographer. Mr. McCabe writes clearly and graphically, with evident desire to deal fairly where controversial points arise, and sparing the sensibilities of others as far as seems consistent with a true record. In the earlier chapters, as also in the summing up, where he is not trammelled by the mass of documentary material, his style is specially attractive. That several of the chapters might be shortened with advantage, by compressing details and omitting much that is merely complimentary and redundant, he would probably be ready to admit. His plea may be, like Carlyle's, that with but little pains the book might have been worse. He has had a vast store of documents to work through,

* "Life and Letters of George Jacob Holyoake." By Joseph McCabe. (London: Watts & Co. 1908. Two vols. Price 16s. net.)

and must be congratulated on his success. A second edition will doubtless see some flaws removed. We are rendered somewhat uneasy as to the verbal accuracy of his quotations by a comparison of two passages, covering some identical sentences, on pp. 257 and 276 of the second volume, where discrepancies are obvious. On p. 8 of the first volume the date 1849 should be 1839; on p. 253, 1848 should be 1858. Of course, Mr. C. W. Windte (Vol. II., p. 123) should be Wendte. We cannot trace "A Unitarian clergyman, Mr. Layhe" (Vol. I., p. 203), who is quoted as writing circ. 1849, and we fancy the author is trusting a little too much to memory when he attributes to Emerson the saying that "Consistency is a virtue of cowards."

It is but poor entertainment, however, to point to a few slips in a piece of work so full of details. Rather let us testify to the abounding interest and instruction of the work. If we desired to beget in a spirited youth, of any class in society, a feeling of what it means to be working patriot, a genuine friend of mankind, we could wish nothing better than to take him through some of these chapters. Here, traced along the individual life we see reflected the crises of a nation's story, nay, of the story of modern social developments far and wide. The rise of democracy, the crumbling of feudalism, the struggle for a free press, for free thought, the beginnings of reconstruction in politics and industry, all find vivid illustration here.

Holyoake himself curiously brings Defoe to our mind, alike by his incessant pen-work and by his singular fertility, happy or otherwise, in suggested improvements in human society. Of course there is a great gap between the two in respect of genius and temper, but there is the same readiness of resource, the same sturdy defiance of authorities, the same willingness to do all that a journalist may be lawfully required to undertake. Holyoake, indeed, never was accused of more than adaptive pliancy in his political industry, and the accusation was apparently based on the slenderest of all evidence; but it is interesting to note that one so serious in the main could, on occasion, compose advertisements at seven and sixpence each, write his columns of sporting news, or describe a prize-fight. In the main his seriousness is beyond question. He was even too serious to be a slasher, and the chief criticisms made to his discredit in his long lifetime were those that came from violent members of his own party.

The student of economics will turn to these pages to get an understanding of the personalities chiefly concerned in the promotion of the wonderful co-operative movement, which owed so much to Mr. Holyoake, and which he lived to see magnificently successful, though not yet quite on the lines he would prefer. The investigator of the history of "rationalism" will find light here respecting secularism and its sectaries, who seem to have loved each other no better than Christians have done. And those who are specially interested in politics, whether domestic or foreign, will find here a copious store of reminiscence of statesmen, royalties, party-hacks, and conspirators. Unitarians will observe a

host of references to men and women of their circle, from those able teachers at Birmingham, who first gave Holyoake the rudiments of culture, to men of such eminence as Dr. Martineau, Brooke Herford, Robt. Collyer, Stopford Brooke, and many others who at one time or other came into friendly contact with the reasonable apostle of secularism. It is distinctly interesting to see that Dr. Crosskey (afterwards to be President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association) came under the censure of the book-room authorities for dedicating a "Defence of Religion" to Holyoake. Crosskey was then (1851) a young minister, settled at Derby. The dedication, which, we are told caused "a great commotion in the Unitarian body," ran thus: "To George Jacob Holyoake, a man who, notwithstanding his inability to share the theist's faith, must permit a theist to regard his brave sincerity and reverence for truth and justice as acceptable worship at the altar of the Holy of Holies, this essay is affectionately inscribed." The affection and esteem here manifested were happily shared by an ever-increasing number amongst us, and those who knew him best will be most gratified that these handsome volumes, which contain some excellent portraits, have come forth to preserve the memory of so good and faithful a servant of man.

W. G. T.

GOSPELS OF ANARCHY.*

THE gifted lady who writes as "Vernon Lee" is well known to readers of art criticism and other descriptive writing for magazines and the daily Press. In this volume she has collected a number of studies in philosophy and social subjects. Among the evangelists whose "gospels" she discusses are Emerson, Tolstoi, Nietzsche, Nordau, Professor William James, Ruskin, and Mr. H. G. Wells. To weigh thoroughly and effectively the thoughts of writers so powerful and so diverse would seem to require more sympathy, we do not say more talent, than appears. At times, we confess, a feeling has arisen, while reading her pages, as if we heard a monstrously clever youngster showing off. And yet the impression is at once arrested, if not wholly removed, by the evidence of deep and earnest thought, of painful sincerity beneath the verbal smartness. Whether the writer will help the reader much depends largely on his stock of patience. There is undeniable acuteness in her analysis, and force in the courageous statement of her own philosophy, which is solidly determinist. There is also a great deal of good sense in the way in which the extravagances of the latter-day prophets are exposed. The discussion of Professor James's "Will to Believe" is a particularly adroit piece of writing, and had not the trick of extravagance been caught, we suppose from the element in which her mind has had to work so long, the author would command applause even where she fails to win assent. In the essay on "Ruskin as a Reformer," the author shows herself more attractively. We live by admiration,

and the style that on other pages comes near to mere flippancy, rises with her sense of benefits received.

Vernon Lee's voice, it may be perceived, is for her own audience, hardly for the wide world of average men and women. But it is a voice that demands the ear of those who think they have a gospel, not of Anarchy. What answer have they to the undertone of sadness, sometimes bitterness, that rises up through all this eloquence, so witty, so keen, so graceful and tender by turns; what cure for that disease of the modern mind by which, in the sense of loss and disillusion, the power quietly to trust and love is so tragically impaired?

W. G. T.

GETTING MARRIED.

MR. BERNARD SHAW's dialogue on getting married, which has been performed for some weeks at the Haymarket, and which, we are glad to note, has now been taken off the stage, is, like most of the productions of that writer, an amazing and puzzling piece of work. We do not wish to write with any prejudice, still less with any moral animus, against Mr. Shaw himself. It seems probable, from the tone and temper of Mr. Shaw's writings, that he finds a good many law-abiding middle-class people nothing better than congenial bores. It is not to be wondered at if such people find an element of uncongeniality in Mr. Shaw himself, and it cannot be regarded as unfair if they express their feelings and try to find the reason for them.

It may be said at once that there is nothing sensual in this play; there is nothing even sensuous or emotional in it.

It moves almost entirely in the region of the intellect. In saying this, we do not mean it is deeply intellectual, and that it expresses carefully considered and fairly stated opposing views on the great problem of marriage and the difficulties involved in present arrangements. It is an exhibition of intellectual antics by unreal persons, taking for their subject one of the most important and vital questions involved in modern civilisation.

We do not suppose that any character in particular represents Mr. Shaw's own views. What his own views are, and if he has any, is still wrapped in mystery. But every character is coloured by something of Mr. Shaw in the capacity for making clever remarks, and especially by the curious characteristic of making its own position ridiculous as well as that of those to whom it is in antagonism. Most people, when they argue, have some power of justifying their own views, and of pointing out the weak places in the views of others. Mr. Shaw delights to portray characters who, when arguing on behalf of what they believe, render their own position absurd. They are always giving themselves away, exposing themselves, revealing the weakness of their own ideas. Mr. Shaw's characters are like Mr. Nupkins, in "Pickwick," of whom Sam Weller said: "There ain't a magistrate going as don't commit himself twice as often as he commits other people."

The result of this self-stultification, made unconsciously by the upholder of

each theory in his attempt to establish it against others, is an intellectual chaos which Mr. Shaw's admirers call a stimulating atmosphere, but which to many people looks like universal cynicism.

The plot of the dialogue may be told shortly as follows:—It is the wedding-day of the youngest and last unmarried daughter of a very latitudinarian bishop. The greengrocer, who is supervising arrangements for the breakfast, converses with the Bishop's wife. He is a delightful, easy-going man, married to a shrew. He strikes what may perhaps be called the key-note by describing his wife as a mere mother, so domestic and devoted that all his children run away from home directly they grow up. He speaks with approval—humorous, but none the less real—of a sister-in-law, Mrs. George Collins, who periodically runs away with other men. She is much more interesting than his own wife, he says, because she knows far more of the world and human nature. He speaks very highly of her judgment and tact, and often goes to her for advice. This woman, the wife of a coal-merchant, is, in a sense, the heroine of the drama, if there is a heroine at all. She appears in the last act as the counsellor and adviser of the other characters in their marriage difficulties, and in a trance she is made to utter the most exalted, if mysterious, sentiments. Then enters a gorgeously attired General, described usually as a silly soldier man, and called Boxer. He is full of sentiment and convention. The polygamous ideas and inclinations of the others revolt him, and he is shown up as a hopeless fool for being revolted by them. He is the incarnation of respectable good-natured prejudice on behalf of things as they are, and he gives himself away at every turn. He has cherished for years an unavailing attachment for Lesbia, the sister of the Bishop's wife. When Lesbia comes in, she shows herself a very emancipated person, willing to discuss very delicate subjects with much freedom. She would like to be a mother, but hates the idea of having a husband. She would only tolerate him if he would promise to absent himself from the house for two years after the birth of every child. She describes herself frequently as an English lady. We should not have gathered the fact from her conversation.

Then there enters an unattractive oldish man who has just been divorced by his young wife for cruelty and adultery. It turns out that he has knocked her down on to a carefully prepared garden-bed—freed from stones and worms—in the presence of the gardener, and has pretended to unfaithfulness in order to set her free to marry a young man who has taken her fancy. The divorce laws, at this part of the dialogue, come in for much condemnation. We are inclined to think here that Mr. Shaw himself does really consider them ridiculous. If so, the effect is weakened by the atmosphere of ridicule which permeates everything.

When the young wife arrives on the scene we find that she still likes her old husband, and would enjoy looking after him. But she is also attracted by and desires the companionship of the younger man. She strenuously defends the idea of being

* *Gospels of Anarchy, and other Contemporary Studies.* By Vernon Lee. (Fisher Unwin, 1908. Price 10s. 6d.net.)

allowed to have at least two husbands at the same time.

Then comes in the young man by whom she is attracted—a self-confident, argumentative person, who boasts himself a snob and an egotist, and who loathes the middle-class idea of monogamous marriage for life. There is nothing of the villain or seducer about him. He is rather a pleasant although loud sort of person, volubly defending a polygamy which he does not practise. He is quite indifferent to the lady on whose behalf the husband has so kindly arranged a divorce, and his unexpected coldness settles the question for her, and makes her perforce content with one husband—and that the original one—instead of two. He is fascinated by the coal merchant's wife—a fascination which her plain, middle-aged, vulgar appearance makes one of the most ridiculous and incredible things in the play.

Then come in the young bride and bridegroom. They have been keeping everyone waiting for the wedding. While locked in their separate apartments they have been each studying a pamphlet upon the disabilities involved in marriage. They now declare that nothing will persuade them to run the risks of matrimony. Only silly thoughtless people who don't realise what they are doing will engage in marriage under present conditions. The bride is an impulsive philanthropist, fond of making public speeches in which she describes sweaters and employers of female labour as liars and thieves. The bridegroom has just realised he will be responsible in a libel action for his wife's words, and shrinks from the idea of paying a large sum of money by which he now supports his widowed mother. He is a perfectly ridiculous young prig, and his affection for his mother is treated as particularly absurd. The bride has discovered that if her husband chanced to be sent to penal servitude she could not get a divorce. Under these circumstances, the audience find, to their dismay, that no marriage is likely to take place. The tragic parting is, however, happily averted by the help of Mrs. Robert Collins. The husband insures himself against the loss of possible libel actions, and the wife obtains a solemn promise that her husband will not commit any crime which will involve penal servitude.

The representatives of the Church are the most respectable people in the play. The Bishop, who is got up to look very like Mr. Campbell, of the City Temple, listens dispassionately to everybody, and discourses in a very soothing kind of way. He is the sort of person who is fond of patting everybody's hands, and sympathising with the most divers opinions. He is fond of his own wife, to our relief. He is also a scholar and a gentleman. But his sympathetic sentimentousness becomes a little wearisome and leads to nothing. He does not defend marriage with any strength or spirit. He rather represents a certain invertebrate type of Churchmanship which has no clear moral principles of its own, but poses as deeply sympathetic because it listens kindly to everybody's views, and admits that there is something in them. The other Churchman is Father Anthony, an ascetic to whom polygamy is only one degree worse than monogamy. He frankly

tells the company that all marriage is a sin, and warns them, without troubling about the future of the race, to abstain from it.

No doubt this bald description of so meagre a plot must be to some extent unfair. There are, of course, many witty sayings and many things to move an audience to laughter. The effect of the play is to pour ridicule upon the present relationship of the sexes in marriage, and to pour ridicule likewise on any other suggested rearrangement. No way out of the difficulty is hinted at. It is open to anyone who adopts any theory, however apparently immoral or absurd, to maintain that at any rate it is no more absurd than that which exists at the present time.

Mr. Shaw must have some sort of serious purpose in writing round such a subject. He cannot mean to perpetuate a mere trick on the public, and to write an absurd farce.

We do not deny that the marriage tie, and marriage as an institution, is a discussible subject, or that it is a fit subject for a play. There are injustices and great miseries for some men and women involved in the present arrangements. But it is impossible to feel that Mr. Shaw's play presents a fair all-round discussion of this great and sacred subject. There is an essential flippancy in the treatment of the question. There is no recognition of the fact that marriage for vast multitudes of ordinary men and women is a success. There is no hint given of the joy and beauty and responsibility and discipline of marriage. All that is best in this relationship is ignored. It is possible to make out a case for easier divorce for some people, both men and women, and we ought to be willing to consider arguments put forward by serious writers who feel the gravity and importance of their subject. Let them light up their argument by wit and humour if they like, but let them, above all things, be fair to the institution which they criticise. We cannot feel that a criticism which results in universal laughter at every theory is worthy of the subject, or is likely to have a healthy or stimulating effect. It is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, and is akin to the dull laughter of fools.

H. G.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications have been received from the following:—L. G. A., T. P. B., F. L. D., N. D., W. G., A. C. H., E. K., H. M. L., E. R. P., C. E. S.

It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to confirm what he pleases; but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false, this is the mark and character of intelligence.—*Swedenborg*.

THERE is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness! Was it not to preach forth this same Higher that sages and martyrs, the poet and the priest, in all times have spoken and suffered—bearing testimony through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in man, and how in the Godlike only has he strength and freedom?—*Carlyle*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRAINING FOR SOCIAL WORK.

SIR,—Knowing that many of your readers give a great deal of time and energy to the service of the Domestic Missions and other forms of social work, it may perhaps interest them to hear of the new arrangements in Birmingham for training social workers. Many of us have long felt that work would be easier, and that much of the initial discouragement might be avoided if we could start with a definite knowledge of the lives and conditions of the working classes, the laws and regulations that govern us, and perhaps chief of all a knowledge of the different kinds of help that can be obtained for various cases of distress. Such a course of training must unite a study of the state and its history in the widest sense with practical work among the people that shall give a first-hand knowledge of the difficulties and temptations that beset working class life. It can be obtained in various places, London and Liverpool among them, and it takes various forms. Probably the happiest result is obtained by a union of university and settlement life, and a course of this kind can now be obtained in this city. The University authorities have arranged a special scheme of lectures for social students, and they stipulate that practical work should be undertaken in connection with some recognised institution. The women's settlement offers an accompanying course of training in practical work of different kinds to women students. The University lectures are continued during the whole session, beginning in October. There are courses on Constitutional and local government, industrial history and conditions, economic analysis, sanitation and hygiene, social law and aims of social work. The inclusive fee is £6.

The settlement is about 20 minutes' walk from the University. It occupies a row of roomy old-fashioned houses that have survived the general decline of the neighbourhood. The residents work on all the town societies, i.e., Charity Organisation Society, Cripple Children's Union, &c., and there is also class and club work of different kinds on the premises. Students can thus gain a detailed knowledge of one district as well as a general acquaintance with the social work of the city as a whole. The fee for regular workers is £1 a week, so the cost of the complete course is less than £50. We are very anxious to make this course known as widely as possible. As accommodation is limited at the settlement, those wishing to reside there should apply as soon as possible.

M. CECILE MATHESON,

Sub-Warden, Women's Settlement,
318, Summer-lane, Birmingham.

A WARNING.

SIR,—It has just come to my knowledge that a young Armenian medical student (?) named Shaljan (?) who goes about selling needlework, and whom my people and I befriended many months ago, is using a letter of mine among Unitarians in different parts of the country, as an introduction. I wish to warn all whom it may concern that he has no authority from me to do any such thing.

J. J. WRIGHT.

OBITUARY.

MR. F. PINNOCK.

WE regret to record the death, on the 16th inst., after a short illness, of Mr. Frederick Pinnock, of Newport, I.W. Coming of an able and devoted family, known and honoured far and wide among us, Mr. Pinnock always manifested the keenest interest in Unitarian affairs, being secretary of the Newport congregation, and of the Southern Unitarian Association, and a member of the Council of the B. & F.U.A. In his younger years he was a journalist, and owed to that connection a facility of expression which added to the attractiveness of a genial personality. He lent his aid to good works of many kinds, both public and private, and among his offices were those of secretary of the Island Lifeboat Board, Isle of Wight Ambulance Association, treasurer of the Newport Liberal Club, and various positions of rank and responsibility among the Freemasons. Friendly and athletic societies found in him a warm supporter. He was in his fifty-fifth year.

The funeral, on Tuesday last, on the sunny hillside at Carisbrooke, was conducted by the Revs. W. J. Jupp, formerly minister at Newport, H. M. Livens, and C. C. Coe, F.R.G.S., who, together with the Rev. E. J. Wilkins and Mr. William Carber, represented the Southern Unitarian Association, of which Mr. Pinnock was secretary. There was a large gathering of sympathetic friends, including the Vicar of Newport, the Rev. H. Edmund Sharpe, M.A., and the Mayor, Mr. Gill Martin; Professor John Milne, F.R.S., a strong party of fellow Freemasons, each one of whom dropped his emblem of sorrow, a green acacia leaf, into the grave of their comrade; Mr. J. R. Hayles and others representing the Isle of Wight Ambulance Association; members of the National Lifeboat Institution, together with many others including his friends at the chapel, the singers who rendered their tribute of song, and the boys of his class who brought their baskets of bright flowers to cover their teacher's coffin.

Blessed are the simple-hearted, they shall be loved of men.

THE UNITARIAN LIFE.

A SIMPLE Life, not planned for show,
Clean, Wholesome, Sweet and Pure,
And happy in its perfect faith
That Goodness must endure.

A broad life—calm, and unafraid,
Not petty, paltry, mean—
Content that our horizon's bound
Tae seen—not the unseen!

A full life—charged with thrilling power,
Steady in hand and brain;
Intense—devoted—earnest—keen—
Growing through toil and strain.

A Tender life—in sympathy
And far outreaching love
Lifting all sorrows of the earth
To the great heart above.

F. B. M.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

O ye Mountains and Hills, bless ye the Lord :
praise him, and magnify him for ever.

So runs a verse in the Benedicite. When we think of the mighty masses of land that tower majestically up into the sky we cannot wonder that the canticle gives them a verse to themselves. They speak, to those who care to listen, of God's faithfulness. They are steadfast in all seasons and in any weather. The tempest may lash the tossing sea into fury till it thunders in mile-long breakers on the beach, the flooded river may rise and overflow, while the mountain rears its stately head unmoved, and its message is one of trust in the Eternal, who changeth not.

If this Children's Column were being written where it is going to be printed, namely, in a London street, it would be easy to talk to you about mountains in general, but how when the writer sits in a window with one beautiful mountain, the far-famed Skiddaw, right before her? Can you wonder if she tells you chiefly about Skiddaw. It is early morning and soft mists are creeping about its many peaks. Very few mountains rise in sugar loaf or extinguisher shape from level land. Skiddaw and most of its neighbours are great masses whose bases cover many square miles, and have several peaks, many of which are crowned with heaps of stones called cairns. The lower slopes of Skiddaw are covered with beautiful woods where squirrels are playing and big brown owls which have been hunting all night, are sitting fast asleep. Further up there is bracken, and beyond the bracken heather, just breaking into lovely purple bloom; and all among the masses of heather there are huge patches and stretches of bilberry, which has tiny bright green leaves, not unlike the leaves of box. These heather and bilberry patches look like green and purple velvet, and seem all the softer because they grow right up to the edges of stony gullies and ravines, down the middle of which flow streams, or becks as we call them in the north country, which feed a large lake lying at Skiddaw's feet. To-day these becks carry so little water that I cannot see them from here. If it were to rain heavily for a day or two they would swell into torrents that would come leaping down the mountain, and as they leap would lash themselves into foam, so that from this window they would look milk-white. The bilberry is hardier than the heather, and creeps further up the mountain. Where the bilberry ends there is a little fine and very short grass, and when that ceases there is nothing but rock and stones. The bilberry plant bears small dark blue berries which grow under the glossy leaves and so close to the stem that you can seldom see them plainly till you stoop down. In two or three days the boys and girls who live at the foot of Skiddaw will go up in twos or threes, or in still larger numbers to gather the berries. The children will soon have deep blue lips and teeth, for, of course, they will eat while they gather, and bilberries stain more than any other fruit. The very small children, whose knees are not covered, will return with blue knees, for the plants grow so thickly that they have to kneel on ripe fruit while they gather.

The children must not go far up Skiddaw on days when the mist threatens to come lower than usual, for they may suddenly find themselves wrapped in it, and be unable to see a yard in front of them. Last July two boys went up a much lower mountain than Skiddaw to look for a strayed pony. They knew there was danger of their losing sight of each other, for it was rather misty, so they agreed to whistle all the time. The elder boy soon came upon the pony lying dead. In his excitement over this he forgot to keep up the whistling, and when he remembered it was too late; the other boy, who was only nine years old, had gone out of ear-shot. After whistling and shouting himself hoarse, in vain, the bigger boy went home to fetch help. When he returned with eager searchers the other lad had moved far on, and for four days and nights his friends heard nothing of him. Every day we saw the parties of searchers go up to look for him, and when the wind howled and the rain fell in heavy showers, our hearts ached for the shelterless and hungry child, who, we knew, must be wandering about trying to find his way home, for the men found his footmarks more than once. On the fourth day the child came upon some cows. He was a sensible boy, and rightly reasoned that some one would in time come to fetch these cows to be milked, so he stayed close to them till somebody came. He was then taken to the farm to which the cows belonged. The farmer's wife was very wise as well as very kind, and fed the poor boy with milk in very small quantities; putting him to bed, and taking the greatest care of him till his father came to fetch him. The child said he had found water in plenty, and had not felt hungry after the second day. He had slept under lumps of rock two nights, and two nights in a shed built on the mountain to shelter sheep. The last night, after he had gone to sleep, a lamb had come in, and feeling a quiet, warm body, had lain down close against the boy, who was astonished to feel it there when he woke. Its warmth must have helped to keep life in the weary child that cold, damp night. Fortunately he was not made ill by his adventure. The pure air on the mountain helped to keep him well. If he had been lost on Skiddaw he would have been easier to find, for so many people go up that there are well beaten tracks and he would have had the sense to keep on one of these. In other respects he would have been in greater danger, for there are many steep places down which he might have fallen. The cold at night would have been more trying too, because of the greater height of the mountain. However, I have talked with men, and women too, who have had to pass a night on Skiddaw because it turned too misty to come down. Only one of these was permanently the worse for it, and he had gone up without a topcoat.

You would like to see Skiddaw in winter when he is covered with pure white snow. No matter how long the snow lies on the higher parts, it never gets the least bit dirty looking. There is nothing to soil it. Towards sunset on a fine winter day the snow begins to look pink, and in a little while it will turn a rich rosy red, and glow warmer and warmer till the light begins to fade.

EMILY NEWLING.

The Inquirer.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

To all parts of the World:—

| | s. | d. |
|----------------------|----|----|
| PER QUARTER | 1 | 8 |
| PER HALF-YEAR | 3 | 4 |
| PER YEAR | 6 | 6 |

One Shilling per year extra will be charged if credit is taken.

Advertisements should reach the office not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

All payments in respect to THE INQUIRER to be made to E. KENNEDY, 3, Essex Street, Strand London, W.C.

LONDON, JULY 25, 1908.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

ON Sunday afternoon the Bishop of HEREFORD will preach at Westminster Abbey in connection with the Peace Congress, the meetings of which will be held on successive days throughout the week. On Monday, still preceding the official opening of the Congress, there will be a Christian Conference on Peace at Caxton Hall, the same good Bishop presiding at the morning session, and Dr. HORTON in the afternoon. We may hope that the note thus struck by the conveners of the Congress will find support in many a pulpit. If the name of "the PRINCE OF PEACE" is to be anything but a sentimental expression, those who call themselves Christian will be foremost in promoting goodwill among men. It has not always been so. Militarism has been extolled as if MARS and not JESUS were the controlling ideal of Christendom. The Abbey is eloquent of the pomp with which "glorious war" has clothed itself. Our national anthem voices still the truculence of the times of ignorance. It is time the churches spoke with no uncertain sound on a subject so momentous.

This "Seventeenth Universal Peace Congress" meets at a critical time. There is not, indeed, any apprehension of immediate hostilities between the armies of Europe, though the inflammable material known as public opinion may only too readily be set raging with wrath over "insults," real or imaginary. The significance of the present stage is that without ostensible reasons the process of arming is going on resolutely, if not feverishly. We count our neighbour's iron-clads; he counts ours. Writers in the newspapers seize with eagerness on points tending to increase suspicion where there is not positive alarm. Huge sums are expended, by the side of which the millions spent upon education or named for old-age pensions become trifling. Taxation has an unmistakable tendency to increase everywhere, while everywhere the bulk of

the people are poor, many of them very poor. Lord CROMER deprecates the spending of money in succour of the aged lest it should involve us in a war of tariffs leading inevitably to war outright. If a mind given to gloom wished to confirm its worst forebodings by an outstanding feature in modern international affairs, the entry of the United States of America into the military arena of the world would emphatically supply the demand. The present is not an hour for smiles of complacent confidence in the cause of Peace.

We trust, therefore, that when all the leather and prunella of festivities and compliments have been stripped away there will be a solid substance of intelligent effort in this great programme of meetings. In Peace politics, as in all others, there are differences of opinion, and the useful comparison of ideas is apt, here as elsewhere, to be marred by eccentricities and personal failings. A profound sense of the vital issues laid upon this question should silence all but the worthiest utterances. Mere vaporous sentiments of the goody-goody kind will be as much out of place as exaggeration of trifles. The emotion of the preacher needs fortifying with the strong sense of the man of business. The orators who will best succeed, in our judgment, will be those who show to plain men not only the waste and cruelty of war, not only the burden of our vast armaments, but the sheer unreasonableness of the present method of international comity. If individual citizens boasted of their bludgeons as nations do of armies and navies, we should be disgusted. If a big man thrashed a little man and took his purse from him we should name him a bully and a thief. And if the presence of lawless persons in a community has to be guarded against, we find it better, as well as more reasonable, to organise a police force on behalf of all law-abiding citizens, and impartial tribunals where differences may be adjusted and wrongs put right.

Slowly, but we believe surely, the sense of nations is feeling toward this real civilisation of the world. Critical as our time is, fraught with terrible possibilities, we have seen already the beginnings of a saner development. There is actually established—it is one of the crowning achievements of this generation—an international tribunal, which, however limited its scope at present, is assuredly the germ of something more effective by and by. The inter-parliamentary conferences—so boldly conceived and started by the late Sir RANDAL CREMER—have added valuably to the forces restraining the war-spirit. The closer intercourse enjoyed from year to year by representatives of different nations, and from all classes, tends to render men ashamed of the absurd egotism based upon mere ignorance. Happily, also, the voice of

the workers is making itself heard more and more, and their interest is instinctively felt to be based on the orderly production and equitable sharing of national wealth, not on military adventures. All these, together with the ever increasing intricacy of commercial ties from land to land all over the globe, point to the necessity, and perhaps the imminence, of a great stride forward. If not for the Gospel's sake, then for the sake of their own well-being and self-respect, men must leave off the refined—sometimes not very refined—barbarism of battle.

PROFESSOR OTTO PFLEIDERER.

ON Saturday last, Professor Otto Pfeiderer died at Gross Lichterfelde. Born in 1839 he studied at Tübingen, and in fruitful *wanderjahre*, including travels in England and Scotland, he prepared for pastoral duties, which he carried on simultaneously with lecturing for his *alma mater*. In 1870 he became superintendent of churches in the Jena district and professor of practical theology in Jena University. Since 1875 he has been professor of systematic theology at Berlin. His published works include many that are household words to the student. Among those that have been translated into English are *Paulinism* (1873), *Hibbert Lectures on Influence of Paul, &c.* (1885), *The Philosophy of Religion on the Basis of its History* (4 vols., 1886), *The Development of Theology in Germany since Kant, and its Progress in Great Britain since 1825* (1890), *The Philosophy and Development of Religion* (Gifford Lectures, 1894), *Evolution and Theology* (1900), *The Early Christian Conception of Christ* (1903), *Primitive Christianity* (1904), *Christian Origins* (1906), *Religion and Historic Faiths* (1907).

To many readers of THE INQUIRER, Professor Pfeiderer's noble face and presence will be familiar. He was unable to visit London at the first International Council in 1901, but sent a paper which was read by Professor Carpenter. He was present and gave addresses at the subsequent meetings at Amsterdam, Geneva, and last year at Boston. He has lectured also at Glasgow (Gifford Lectures, 1894), and after the Boston congress he gave a course at Harvard. A remarkably clear utterance rendered it easy to follow him in his native tongue, and his mastery of English was evident when he chose that medium.

Deferring the attempt to estimate his work and influence we can but say here how deeply we and others in this country feel the loss of so genial a personality and so wise a guide. His wonderful brightness and sweetness made him a delightful companion. A great scholar and thinker he was most appreciative of others far below his intellectual level. It is mournful to reflect how many of those who have prominently shared in our International meetings have passed away—Fontanés, Armstrong, Jean Réville, Furrer, and now Otto Pfeiderer. Severe as our losses are, the memory of such men gives warrant that the movement they promoted so signally has a great work to do for mankind.

SUMMER SESSION FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

II.

THERE were more schools represented at the Summer Session at Oxford than stated in our report last week—forty at least—and in spite of the broken weather, which interfered a good deal with the excursions to Blenheim and Nuneham, the Session was, we believe, as much enjoyed, and as helpful and successful in the truest sense as any that preceded it. Mr. Bertram Lister's services, as local hon. secretary, were warmly appreciated, and at one of the evening social gatherings a presentation of an easy chair was made to him by the members. At the Friday evening gathering (July 17), Mr. Ion Pritchard expressed the grateful thanks of the members to the Principal and Professors and to the Committee of Manchester College, for their kindness in allowing the Session to be held there, and also to all who had contributed to its success. The opening service and Sunday service we recorded last week. The morning services, before lectures, on the other days, were conducted by Mr. R. V. Holt, Mr. S. Haldar, and the Revs. F. H. Vaughan, R. A. Andreae, V. D. Davis, L. P. Jacks, and J. E. Odgers. The duty of organist was shared by Mrs. Walter Holmes and Mr. R. V. Holt.

TWO OF THE LECTURES.

Passages from the lectures by the Revs. J. L. Haigh on "Outside Activities," J. J. Wright on "Literature: Its Use in Sunday School Lessons," and J. Worsley Austin on "Theology and the Child," we reserve for future publication, and give here some notes on two of the lectures most immediately concerned with practical teaching.

MISS MARIAN PRITCHARD lectured on Monday, July 13, on "Child Study," and had kindly furnished a printed syllabus for the use of the teachers. Speaking first of the difference between the child and the adult, Miss Pritchard pointed out that the child had to build up the body as well as keep it in repair, while the adult had only to keep it in repair, and teachers should bear this in mind and guard against overstrain. A young child's activity in growth of muscle, tissue, and bone found expression in its restlessness. It was not made of "sit-still stuff." Lessons should, therefore, be short, and active exercises should be introduced. Children like *doing* rather than *being*, and plenty of wholesome opportunity should be provided for them. They use up a large proportion of oxygen, and need good air. The neglect of proper ventilation in Sunday Schools is sometimes shockingly apparent, with results of listlessness, fatigue, and bad temper which might easily be avoided. It should be remembered that about the eighth year children, as a rule, make a special stride in growth, and so often seem less capable of work—the "fatigue year," for which allowance must be made. Then between fourteen and sixteen another special stride in growth. Increase of muscular strength comes before the power of proper control, so that boys of that age are often clumsy; then patience and good humour are needed, and the exercises of drill and dancing are of great use. The development of the mental powers in the same way

is gradual. Vivid impressions come first, and then the growing power of reasoning. Pictures and word-painting (by stories, &c.) should be used in lessons to young children, avoiding everything morbid and sensational. The stories should have variety and contrast, and tell of naughty as well as good children, but so that sympathy should be clearly on the right side. Care must be taken not to treat as sin in a child what is simply due to ignorance. The right admirations and affections can easily be awakened by a wise teacher, and also wonder at the marvels or creation, as the basis of worship. It was a great experience for the young people when they discovered for the first time that they could reason for themselves, and it was the teacher's part to help to keep that power well balanced. Professor M. E. Sadler's saying was quoted, that the two characteristics of the youth of to-day are the desire for reality and the desire for self-expression. Untrained, these might lead to practical materialism and engrossment in the meaner things of life on the one hand, and a conceited giving forth of crude and egotistical opinions on the other. The teacher's part was to furnish the right direction, so that, properly developed and balanced by the Ideal, the belief in the Real might lead to a strong, truthful, strenuous life; while the desire for self-expression, balanced by self-reverence, might lead to reverence of the self in others, as well as the giving forth of the best for the welfare of the world.

The Rev. HENRY RAWLINGS lectured on Thursday, July 16, on "Practical Hints on Sunday School Teaching," a subject on which he wrote an admirable little book, published by the Sunday School Association in 1896 (second edition 1900). Speaking of discipline in the school, Mr. Rawlings said that the Superintendent could gain the greatest influence by bringing home to the children the perfectly voluntary nature of all the work. It was often noticed that the most unruly boys and girls made the best men and women, but this was not the case when they were left unrestrained. To say that all punishment was wrong in principle (as Tolstoy did) was a mischievous position to take up. Even the most fallible teacher or judge was justified in asserting authority on behalf of the social good, in which the child's good also was bound up. Tennyson's lines to the Duke of Argyll expressed the right principle: "Be thy heart a fortress to maintain the day against the moment, and the year against the day." It was not the momentary pleasure or comfort of the individual that should be considered, but the whole life, and the lasting welfare of the child. In that connection Mr. Rawlings urged the teachers to protect their children from indignity, and never to use sarcasm or ridicule. They should foster in the children the feeling that they wanted to be something, and to be considered. He quoted Penn's instructions to those who came in contact with the Indians, who were like children: "Treat them always with respect. They love not to be smiled upon." Among other illustrative allusions he recounted the early experiences of Louisa Alcott, as related by herself, how, when staying as a child with friends in Providence, she had seen some poor children in the road, and, without asking anyone, ran out to them,

taking some food out of the larder, and then was astonished and hurt because she was reprimanded for doing so. That, said Mr. Rawlings, showed in the elders a want of perception of the child's goodness, and the instinctive sympathy of her heart. A little more consideration would have led to wiser treatment. And again, she got into trouble through her fondness for running away from home, which was really part of her love of exploring the wonder and beauty of the universe. It was, of course, a thing that had to be restrained, but it might have been done with more sympathetic insight into what led her to those wanderings. For wise discipline, Mr. Rawlings said, in conclusion, firmness was essential and persistence of method, with great sympathy. They should encourage all that was good in the child, as quietly as possible, and with few words, checking at once and firmly all tendencies that were dangerous. "The heart of youth," he quoted, "was never won by habitual indulgence."

THE CLOSING SERVICE.

On Friday evening, July 17, the final social gathering of the Session was held in the library, followed by a brief closing service in the chapel, conducted by Miss Marian Pritchard. The service began with the hymn, "Come, labour on," and concluded with another—

"Backward looking o'er the past,
Forward, too, with eager gaze,"
with the last verse—

"Call Thy servants, living God!
We would join in work for Thee,
For the love that faileth not,
For the truth that maketh free."

MISS PRITCHARD, in the course of a valedictory address, said that during those days they seemed to have been on the Mount of Transfiguration, and as they returned to the plain to take up their work again, she trusted that the divine light would still be on their faces. It was fitting that they should now reconsecrate themselves to that service. So many good thoughts had been given to them, and such high ideals set before them, that they might well say, "Who am I, that I should do this thing? Who is sufficient for these things?"

But to those especially who had not had many advantages of education she would say, Remember that what you have to do for the young people is to help them to have life more abundantly. Knowledge was of the highest importance, helping towards better judgment and clear insight; but they were only responsible for the light that had been granted them. Their paramount duty was to shine with the light they had.

Asked for some motto or thought to take away, as gathering what the teaching and influence of that week had meant to them all, she could not find a better than the last clause of the great saying of the prophet Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." That was what they must all desire, *to walk humbly with their God*. Angels had wings to soar, but men had feet and they could climb. They must walk, and walk together with friends, helping one another,

taking hands, so that if one stumbled the others would hold him up. And they must walk humbly, for though they had such grand gifts given by the Eternal, their own short-comings compelled them to be humble. With the hands of the spirit they must take hold of the hand of the Eternal, and with the eyes of the spirit look up to their great ideal, even the Father of their spirits, and strive to be imitators of Him, as children of their father.

In conclusion, Miss Pritchard quoted from Longfellow's poem, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegner, "The Children of the Lord's Supper," the appeal of the old pastor to the young people whom he had trained in the knowledge of Christian truth, and whom he was receiving into the fellowship of the Church. It was in that spirit, she said, that they might consecrate themselves anew to the work they had undertaken.

"Will ye promise me here (a holy promise!) to cherish

God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother?

Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,

Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,

Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness?

Will ye promise me this before God and man?"

And when they answer with an earnest "Yes" to this appeal, he welcomes them with great joy and tenderness, and sets before them once more the greatest truth of all:—

"Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number

Lie in His bosom like children; He made them for this purpose only.

Only to love and be loved again."

* * *

"Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father;

Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection;

Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;

Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love and Love only.

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also."

The quotation from the poem concluded with the lines:—

"Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,

Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye heed not;

Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have pledged you to heaven.

Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,

Whom thou has given me here! I have loved them all like a father,

May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,

Faithful, so far as I knew, to thy word; again may they know me,

Fall on their teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,

Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,

Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me!"

CARMARTHEN COLLEGE.

ADDRESS by DR. G. DAWES HICKS.

THE annual examination at the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, was brought to a close on Wednesday, June 24. The examiners were: Dr. G. Dawes Hicks, Professor of Philosophy at London University (logic, psychology, metaphysics, and history of philosophy), Mr. I. S. Lister (English literature), Rev. W. G. Tarrant, B.A. (ecclesiastical history, homiletics, apologetics, and comparative religion), Rev. J. H. Weatherall, M.A. (Greek Testament, Hebrew, and Biblical introduction), and Dr. Talfourd Ely (Latin and Greek). The three first named formed the annual deputation from the Presbyterian Board, which is the governing body of the College, and were accompanied by Mr. G. Harold Clennell, the secretary of the board. The number of students is at present 32, seven of whom are graduates preparing for the B.D. examination of the University of Wales.

Professor G. DAWES HICKS, who presided at the prize-giving on the Wednesday afternoon, congratulated the students and their teachers on the session's work, and then after some personal references to individual students and their work, took up the thread of his last year's address. I was referring on that occasion, said Dr. Hicks, to the special problems that are confronting the men and women of the present age, for the solution of which a large and broad-minded culture, such as that of which it is the aim of this institution to lay the foundations, will alone suffice. And I instanced, on the one hand, the great social movement in our midst bent on securing fairer and juster and more human conditions of living for the vast majority of our countrymen, and, on the other hand, the rapidly growing demand on all sides of us for worthier and more rational conceptions of the object and ideals of religious faith and aspiration. Those two tendencies are not, indeed, disconnected; they are, in fact, different aspects of one endeavour, which the spread of knowledge and education has been continually strengthening, to give the human spirit opportunity and field for growth, and to realise more truly than has hitherto been the case, the promise and potency of spiritual being. They indicate, in other words, an increasingly deepening assurance, hardly yet perhaps definitely articulate, of the infinite possibilities and worth of an individual soul, and a feeling of the enormous loss to our humanity which the spectacle of the waste of these possibilities and the blind insensibility to this worth forces upon intelligent minds. Sooner or later, then, the students of this college, after having spent here the quiet years of mental discipline and preparation, will be plunged into the strain and turmoil of the activity to which I have alluded, and be called upon to take their part in helping and furthering the agencies that make for human welfare and progress. What will they have gained from their teachers, what from their own intellectual work and effort, what from their companionship with one another, that will be to them of real service in the vocation to which they have dedicated their manhood and its powers?

The aim and mission of this little college is, as I have said, to provide a means of liberal culture to those who are going forth to minister to the moral and spiritual needs of their fellow men. I have so often spoken of the imperative necessity for the pursuit in question of the trained intellect and of the scholar's insight that I do not propose now to reiterate the value and importance of these things. To me it has always seemed that only he can successfully lead others in the search for goodness and truth who has himself laboured earnestly and long to find them, and that no more deadly injury is being done to the religious thought and life of our country than is wrought by the vapid eloquence of shallow and empty minds. What Lord Salisbury once described as "the dreary drip of desultory declamation" is vastly more pernicious in the pulpit than in the debates of the House of Commons, for whilst the weary legislator may sleep through it in peace, and do his duty afterwards, the unfortunate occupier of the pew has come to learn his duty, and has been tormented instead with evil and uncanny dreams. Well were it, if the mischief ended there. Alas! that is the smallest of its consequences. When I think of the thousands of earnest sincere men and women to be met with in almost every town of the land, perplexed and troubled with difficulties and misgivings in respect to the great questions of religion and morality, I confess it seems to me that the responsibility resting upon those who are consecrating their lives to the service of the church is beyond all measure a great and serious one. For them in any way to shirk the thought and reflection, which even those who are busily engaged all the week in commercial and other pursuits, are yet able to bestow upon the deep problems of life and duty, would be a disaster to which I believe no conscientious man would willingly or knowingly contribute. In these days of intellectual upheaval and of spiritual anxiety, when good men are hesitating about the very foundations of religious trust, and social reformers are questioning the adequacy of the Christian morality, the ministry of Christ is more than ever on its trial, and no one who has its welfare at heart would desire to see its ranks filled by other than thoughtful, studious, and able men, who will wrestle honestly with every difficulty, and patiently consider every perplexity which sincere minds are feeling.

This college seeks, then, like every other theological college, to open the way to that learning and culture which is the indispensable requisite of the Christian minister who is to be the interpreter of spiritual truth to those who will look to him for guidance and counsel. But I shall be guilty of no presumption, if I venture to claim for this institution a position to some extent unique and peculiarly its own. That uniqueness and peculiarity consist not in the substance of the studies in which it is engaged—for science and philosophy and history, wherever pursued, present very much the same characteristic set of problems—but rather in the attitude that is adopted towards those studies, and in the spirit in which they are treated. I shall not be wrong, I take it, if I describe

that spirit and attitude as the Liberal spirit and attitude, and say that in all our work, and in all our methods, we seek to be loyal to the principle of free unfettered inquiry, and of absolute impartiality to every sincere conviction, and to every belief or opinion honestly reached and seriously maintained. Our doors are now and always have been open to any qualified student who is willing on these terms to seek for truth, and men of diverse creeds have passed through these class rooms and have gained, I doubt not, that respect for each other's faith, that regard for one another's sincerity, which the friendly intercourse and companionship of earnest men seldom fail to inspire. Here we have not now, and never have had, any sectarian object to serve; we have had no one set of opinions to which we desired to win converts; we have not had the slightest wish to make proselytes to any particular form of doctrine. We have been anxious only that here the great thoughts of the world's great thinkers should become known and be pondered over, that the facts of human life and experience should be bravely faced and intelligently considered, that the history of mankind and of its gradual progress towards spiritual ideals should be reverently studied and be allowed to tell its own story. In short, following the apostolic injunction which enjoins upon Christians "in malice to be children, but in understanding to be men," the teachers of this place have been seeking with their students for truth, and helping them to find it, without fear and without prejudice, whilst leaving it to them to form for themselves conclusions upon subjects about which good and conscientious men hold differing views and opinions.

Is it too much to hope that those who have been trained and nurtured in this atmosphere of Liberalism, in the best and broadest sense of that term, will carry away with them something of its "sweet reasonableness," something of its catholicity, to their respective spheres of labour? It will be, indeed, for them an easier thing to do than it was for their predecessors. They will not have to stand alone, as in former days many a courageous man who has thus dared to preserve his freedom has been obliged to stand. No tendency has been more characteristic of modern times than that which we are now witnessing in all the churches towards what I have ventured, at the risk of misunderstanding, to call by the good old name of Liberalism. In the Nonconformist circles it is gathering strength under the misnomer of the "New Theology," in the Anglican communion it reckons amongst its adherents some of the ablest and the most respected leaders and laymen, whilst in the oldest Church in Christendom, the "modernists" are boldly claiming their right to be heard, and are refusing to be silenced even at the peril of excommunication. No; he who leaves Carmarthen College bearing with him the spirit of his *alma mater* will find, wherever he may go, many a comrade ready with the hand of friendship, many a sympathiser who after toil and storm has reached the purer air of intellectual freedom. And yet I would not minimise the difficulties that will confront him, the deep-rooted prejudice he will have to encounter, the misunderstanding and misrepresentation to which

he will be exposed. The old spirit of sectarian exclusiveness, of dogmatic infallibility, is still potent and influential, and he will need a stout heart and a firm conviction of the wisdom and justice of his cause if he is to remain faithful to an allegiance that will be sure to cost him much.

I would that every young man on beginning his years of study in this college could have placed in his hands, and be induced to read, that splendid essay of John Stuart Mill's "On Liberty," which seems to me the grandest vindication of the position for which I am pleading ever written by pen of man—a very charter of the rights of an individual thinking mind. Mill points out there, with convincing and unanswerable cogency, the dire calamity that has fallen upon the world through the long series of efforts that have been made to suppress what have been thought to be dangerous opinions. If the view for which a hearing is denied be really true—and it implies an assumption of infallibility to assert roundly that it is not—then humanity is the victim of those dreadful mistakes which excite the astonishment and horror of posterity. Then we have a Socrates poisoned, a Christ crucified, a persecution of Christians even under so good a man as Marcus Aurelius, and all the countless evils that have since resulted from attempts to stifle the discoveries of the human intellect. Is it contended that "truth crushed to earth will rise again," that in the end it cannot fail to obtain recognition, or that it is even well for truth that it should pass through tribulation, and for its devotees that they should wear the crown of thorns? The reply is, there is, alas! another side to the picture. For it is not the heretics themselves to whom the greatest harm is done by the ban that is put on all inquiry that does not lead to orthodox conclusions. Multitudes of promising intellects are cowed and terrified from following out any vigorous and independent train of thought, lest it should land them in something that will seem to be irreligious or immoral. It is not so much the great thinkers of the world that suffer from bigotry and intolerance—they will think for themselves, let the consequences be what they may; it is the large body of average human beings, who are thus prevented from attaining the mental stature of which they are capable. A Tolstoy can reflect upon the ills of society, and give expression to his reflections, even in a general atmosphere of mental slavery. But in that atmosphere there never has and never will be an intellectually active people, a strong race of earnest truth-loving men. The community will be smitten with a moral blight, more pernicious far than physical pestilence or famine. If, on the other hand, the view for which a hearing is denied be really false, then even though the received opinion be true it will be held as a dead dogma and not as a living truth by those who will tolerate no objection that may be brought against it. He who knows only his own side of a question, knows not rightly that; he who has never thrown himself into the mental position of those who think differently from him, holds even the truth as a petrified fossil, from which all vitality has fled; he who falls into "the deep slumber of a decided opinion" may convert truth itself into falsehood,

simply by never thinking about it. Truth as Milton said, "needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error makes against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps."

Such, then, are the broad grounds upon which a genuine Liberalism is based—grounds, I venture to think, which are often imperfectly recognised by many even of those who profess to be of a liberal mind. It is so easy to see the evil of other people's dogmatism, and so hard to discern the wilful perversity of your own. But if I may be allowed now to press home the principle I have been trying to express, I would do so by drawing a distinction we are all too apt, however much we may insist upon it, to ignore and lose sight of—the distinction, namely, between religion and theology. Religion is a mode of spiritual experience and life, a consciousness of divine goodness, love, and beneficence, a feeling of reverence for the highest and noblest we in our humblest efforts can think of or conceive. Theology, on the other hand, is our explanation of this spiritual experience, our theory of this divine goodness, our conception of the ultimate nature of this supreme ideal. And we have not yet drawn so much as a breath of the spirit of genuine Liberalism until we have come to see that as religious men we can strive and work and pray for the same ends, whilst as theologians we may often differ widely and profoundly.

Theology is, indeed, when candidly and honestly pursued, the noblest of the sciences. There can be for the human intellect no worthier employment than that of searching into its great problems, and of trying to gain clear and definite ideas of God and Duty and Immortality. But those who have studied hardest and laboured most in this vast province know best the tremendous difficulties of their work, and realise more keenly than others do how inevitable it is that different investigators should arrive at different results. Indeed, on all the vital questions of science there is and can be no dogma absolutely certain, no "quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus," to which we are enabled to point. Even when we look to politics, or to sociology, or to philosophy, we find controversies which it is simply futile and absurd to attempt to treat as though all the good men were on one side, and all the bad men on the other. Much more is this the case with the problems of theology. It is inevitable that upon such questions as the deity of Christ, the Atonement, the authority of Scripture, the credibility of miracles, and the like, there should be divergent views, and that minds of varying temperaments and proclivities should construct doctrines more or less opposed to one another. And in the interests of truth, it is well that it should be so. It would be a sad day for theological science if the time should ever come when theologians are all of one way of thinking. That would mean theological sterility and decay. It is only through the careful weighing and balancing of conflicting lines of argument that progress in theology is possible, and we advance to larger and more far-reaching conceptions of the ways

of providence and of the ideals of spiritual life. There is probably no form of belief that has obtained large and long acceptance without having in it or under it some element of truth; there is probably no such form of belief that is deserving of being dismissed as pure unmitigated error. It is only when doctrines assume the guise of dogmatic infallibility, it is only when they are constituted into an orthodoxy according to which dogmatic opinions are the test of communion and the conditions of salvation, that they become contemptible and merit the censure of sincere and truth-loving men. Therein lies the cause of most of the prejudice that prevails amongst many classes of persons against theology. I was reading only the other day, in the recently published biography of a brilliant Cambridge scholar, the account contained in one of his letters of the attitude of himself and two of his college friends towards theology when they were students in Cambridge together. "We worship God in Nature," he writes, "and in the sayings and deeds of the best men; we cherish a healthy contempt for theologians, falsely so called, who mistake the earth for the pure Gold, the letter for the spirit; and we believe it is nearly time for a new Gospel to be preached, that those who have been robbed by the Church of the priceless pearl of their faith may find it again purified and unsullied." There must surely be something seriously wrong with theological science if it is open to a charge like this.

Religion, however, is a state of mind deeper than our theories about it, more permanent than our changing theological lore. A man needs not a correct view of the nature of the Godhead in order to trust a heavenly Father; he requires not to believe either in the pure Deity or the pure humanity of Christ in order to realise the beauty of the Christlike life; it matters not whether he accepts or rejects the reported miracle of the raising of Lazarus, when it becomes a question of striving to reach the character and conduct outlined for him in the Sermon on the Mount. "Good men all over the world," Emerson somewhere declares, "are very much of one religion," and, in so saying, I believe Emerson was profoundly right. Religion, in the real meaning of the term, is that which unites us, not that which draws us into antagonistic camps and creates the bitterness of factions. Religion is beyond all else social in character; it is essentially the strongest bond of unity between devout and pious men. No doubt those who seek the Divine Father must believe that He is, and it is sometimes urged that even this is a doctrine about which difference of opinion may prevail. I do not think, however, that that argument is sound. The Fatherhood of God is not a doctrine in the sense in which we speak of Trinitarian or Unitarian doctrine. We meet, in other spheres, with a precisely parallel distinction. The good man must, no doubt, believe in the reality of goodness, but goodness need not be for him a doctrine in the sense in which Kant's account of goodness is a doctrine, or in which the Utilitarian account of goodness is another. And as in morality good men are of one company, so in the deepest things of the spirit, pure religion and undefiled may

draw together in loving fellowship minds that on matters of theology do not think or reason alike.

I believe the time is fast approaching when the sectarian names and party labels which serve to separate such communities of religious people from one another will be broken down, and when sincere and godlike men of varying opinions and of diverse beliefs will gather together, without let or hindrance, for worship and prayer and spiritual enlightenment. I believe the time is fast approaching when men and women of the most diverse types of theological conviction will rejoice in each other's presence in the same church, and wonder at the folly which in former days kept their predecessors apart. And I trust the students who year by year leave this place to do their work in the world will contribute in no small measure to the bringing about of that happier state of things; that they, in their respective fields of labour, will be the pioneers of the spirit of Liberalism of which here in their college days they have learnt the meaning and the worth.

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

LET us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—

From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs: they study it with care.

The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there!

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding weaver:

He works on the wrong side always, but works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosened and turned,

That he sees his real handiwork,—that his marvellous skill is learned.

Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost!

No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost!

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well;

And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun,

Wherein we are weaving always, till the mystic web is done,—

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate,

We may not see how the right side looks: we can only weave and wait.

But looking above for the pattern, no weaver need have fear.

Only let him look clear into heaven,—the Perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Father for ever and always in sight,

His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,

He shall hear the voice of the Master. It shall say to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of heaven, to bear him thence, shall come down;

And God for his wage shall give him, not coin, but a glorious crown. ANON.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE CHURCH.

II.

It is impossible that the Church should not be affected by the ideas and atmosphere of human society at any given stage. Individualism was the ruling idea in political life during the first half of the nineteenth century, and our Free Churches gave that idea a full response. Since then there has grown up in the State the idea of Collectivism. It conceives of life in terms of the Whole. It takes account of the continuity of the social order. It points out that by concerted action the State can do much for the individual he cannot do for himself. It is illustrated by the mass of new legislation which deals with questions of social welfare; by the new expansion of philosophy into problems of social structure, evolution, and obligation; by the new value which men attach to combination in business and co-operation in social effort; by Trades Unions on the one hand, and on the other hand by huge Trusts, Syndicates, and Joint-Stock Companies; and, finally, by the new emphasis of all sorts of religious leaders on the organic life of the Church.

In all regions of life and activity the ideas that rise to the front tend naturally to modify the Individualism of half a century ago. "The solidarity of the human race," "Constructive," "Syntesis," "Concerted action," "Association"—who can deny that these words stand for the leading forces of civic and economic life in the twentieth century? It is true many among us do not recognise them for what they mean and all they connote. A truth, a phrase, a doctrine, a far-reaching principle, the watchword and key-note of a whole philosophy, may be in our mouths, may be in our minds, may be an active impulse in our lives without our having seen it for what it is with answering sympathy and intelligence. We listen to its expression without measuring its reach or sounding its deeps. So we miss the significance of the new movement even when living in the midst of it.

Some of our Free Churches are so steeped in the traditions of Early-Victorian Individualism that they are unable to appreciate the new trend of human life. In the name of Freedom and Independence they have become religious anarchists, owning no obligation to the Whole, having no ligaments joining them in associated collective life. Paul's great phrase, "the body of Christ," has lost its meaning for them. There are persons so individual that they may be called the Christian Impracticables. They are each a kind of church by himself. They are the Intolerants, so to speak, of Individualism, sacrificing to it the power of union, and submerging under it, to a great degree, the social instinct itself. They will have no social constraint in the Church. All honour to the witness of these men in days when it was needed. They were foremost in asserting the rights of conscience. They once filled a noble office. They represent in its most naked form the full recognition of the individual man and his liberties. But, that battle having been won, their mission is at an end. The work now is to reconcile individual life with the larger life of the community. There must always

be ample room for the Individualist—only in refusing to recognise the larger place of the Whole in the scheme of things Individualism becomes a mere negation, and its fruit the soul's death. For the individual has no existence apart from the collective life of society. If we would truly be ourselves, we must be parts of a body in which we live and move and have our being. The claim made on behalf of the Church is not that it represses the individual, but that it supplies him with the glory of freedom. He is not free so long as he is alone. He never comes to himself and to the possession of his powers but in fellowship. He attains freedom and personality in association. The dignity and value of the individual soul is the very message of the Collective Church. The idea of the Church raises the personal character to a higher power, and so evokes in it a larger, nobler ethical temper. The single stone in the mason's yard has very little beauty or worth of itself. It becomes precious and beautiful as it takes its place in the great cathedral. Then it has a dignity it could not possess before. The capacities of the individual soul are encouraged and sustained by fellowship in the whole body of Christ. Never naked, never alone does the pilgrim soul travel its way. Burke's account of the State—that "it includes the dead, the living, and coming generations"—is true also of the Church, yes, and of the individual soul. The soul has a great background—far away stretches the cloud of witnesses. It joins their company with the multitudes who to-day take up the unending task and repeat the unending song; it enters an organised, corporate life which labours at one continuous work, accumulating powers, gathering resources and light and moral sway, extending the frontiers of the kingdom with an unbroken vitality through all the ages.

What is meant by the Church Idea? It is meant, in the first place, that the Church is not just an audience, brought together for the occasion as an audience in a lecture-theatre, but a *Fellowship* in which the individual members are in vital affiliation, and coalesce to form a "body" or a "whole," as drops of rain coalesce to form a running brook. Fellowship is of all degrees and indispensable in many spheres, but in religion it is more nobly conceived, and more amply realised, and more absolutely essential, than anywhere else on earth. Its truth, affections, and loyalties draw men into closer relation than any other bond save the family. This means care for one another, burden-bearing, a real friendship of the parts with each, a sense of belonging each to all—brotherhood in its highest manifestation.

But if the Church Idea does not mean an audience, still less does it mean a select company, a coterie or a club. Fellowship, religious fellowship, might easily be exclusive. So the Church Idea is not of Fellowship only, but of *universal* Fellowship. It is not merely of those who have had a certain spiritual experience, nor of those who agree in certain theological expressions; it is of all who love and trust and pray, who see the Better and would come a little nearer thereto; who hear the call of Duty, who feel the claims of Humanity, who know

themselves dependent—"Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!" For—to continue the quotation—"This fraternises man, this constitutes our charities and bearings."

Nor is the Church Idea that of an Institution, skilfully designed, with cumbrous, or with finely adjusted and well-oiled machinery, but of an *Organism*, existent and in process of growth throughout the centuries, in which the individual cells, having their own life and consciousness, yet have their being in a larger life and consciousness than their own. Institutions there must be to give this life and consciousness expression; the spirit must incarnate itself in flesh and blood; there will necessarily be many organisations in which men avail themselves of the powers of collective devotion and collective action, but in itself the Church is not an organisation, but an organism, throbbing with a life which never dies and of which we all partake in turn, an organism in which the consciousness of a relation of the parts to the whole awakens a sense of communion suggestive of an adoration and aspiration which we could never realise were we independent units. If to some this language is vague, let them be assured it is only vague because of the poverty of words to express so glorious and divine a reality as this conception of the Church has been to the saints of every communion. This spiritual organism "is not a thing of a day or of a century; it bears in its bosom the progress and struggles, the songs and sorrows of the ages that have made it what it is."

Such a "Church Idea" demands a self-surrendering loyalty of the Individual to the life and harmony of the larger Whole. But this also is the appointed way, and the only way, for the full realisation of the individual self.

The application of all this to the closer union of our individual and local Churches in the harmony of a living Whole appears to be obvious. For what is true of the individual soul is also true of the individual Church—only more so! The local Church evokes its full powers and becomes completely itself in the measure that it shares in a larger life than its own.

JOSEPH WOOD.

THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

THE week has been a good one, and despite the weather which has interfered with many meetings, besides preventing others, the attendances have been quite satisfactory. Next week we hope to record that the 100,000 has been passed, and that the success of last year is now certain to be surpassed.

LONDON DISTRICT (Lay missionary, Mr. H. K. BROADHEAD).—The decision to remain longer at Hounslow was justified by the large attendances and the interest which was taken in the proceedings. The Rev. R. P. Farley is strongly of opinion that the work should be followed up, and hopes that the place may receive the attention of Mr. Pearson, when he begins his work in the London area. The report says that the people testified that the message of the Van was the best they had heard for years. That the interest was keen is evident from several facts and incidents. On early closing day, which is generally a

poor time for meetings, there were 650 present, and "all who came stayed." There was opposition, and on one occasion a group who came, armed with Bibles, "asked so many questions and shouted so much that the sympathetic got no chance." The Vicar also came late one evening, and, though he had heard nothing of what had been said through the address, "protested against anybody preaching in his parish what was not the truth." He also imputed bad motives—a thing which was much resented by the crowd. There were two curious references to Theodore Parker. One person maintained that his well-known lines, "O, Thou great friend to all the sons of men," &c., taught the worship of Christ, while a second startled the missionary by asserting that Parker taught the Deity of Christ, and stating his willingness to produce his proof. The next night he came along to justify his assertion, but it was then found that the quotation was from Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, and from an address delivered in 1904! The Van moved to Brentford on the 16th, and here the Rev. Frederick Summers took up the work. No meeting was possible the first night because of the rain, and it was not until Sunday that a fine evening fell to the lot of the missionaries. Brentford is a poor neighbourhood, and the audiences were composed almost entirely of poor people, who wanted to know when the soup kitchen would be brought round! There were good audiences, and on Sunday, when a new pitch was found at Kew Bridge, there were 400 present. This week the Van is at Acton, and should reach Ealing on the 30th.

MIDLAND DISTRICT (Lay missionary, Mr. B. TALBOT).—This Van has had a long run of small meetings in the little Shropshire towns, and the missionaries, recognising that it was useless expecting crowds, have adopted the Mahomet-to-the-mountain method, and spent much of their time in distribution of literature and in visitation. The weather which has followed the Vans led to a new kind of hall being improvised at Wellington, where there are certain covered market ways capable of holding a good number of people, and which answer splendidly on a wet night if you can only get the people to take advantage of the shelter. You then place your Van in front of the passage, and speak to the flock within the fold without discomfort either to speaker or hearer. So impressed was the Rev. Harvey Cook with the success of this idea, that he suggests that the Vans should carry tents on a trailing vehicle, so that at all times the Mission might be independent of the weather. The tent idea has been discussed in connection with the Mission. Its promoters at the outset had the notion of setting up such a shelter on Douglas Head, with the intention of carrying on services there all the summer. The authorities, however, did not look favourably upon the scheme, and pointed out that even if they allowed it, the tent would probably be blown away! One evening some friends drove over from Shrewsbury to see the Mission, and to wish it God-speed. The Rev. Harvey Cook was succeeded at Wellington by the Rev. R. S. Redfern. Both gentlemen during the week had the pleasure of receiving the public thanks of questioners

for the fairness and courtesy of their treatment of opponents. Ironbridge was the next stopping-place, and here Mr. Redfern had the assistance of the Rev. W. J. Topping. Sunday night's meeting was the best, the audience at one time reaching 400. This was particularly good, seeing that other religious meetings were being held within a hundred yards or so, and that two bands were giving open-air concerts in different parts of the town. The Van is now at Kidderminster, and, after its stay here, turns North again, preparatory to the descent upon Birmingham and neighbourhood. A capital meeting of workers from all parts of the district was held at the Church of the Messiah last week, under the presidency of Mr. W. B. Kenrick. Delegates were present from most of the churches, including Wolverhampton and Kidderminster, and, after an address by the Missionary Agent, the plans for the campaign were discussed. Mr. E. Ellis Townley is acting as secretary on behalf of the Midland Christian Union.

SOUTH WALES DISTRICT (Lay missionary Mr. A. BARNES).—Two notes are to hand respecting the Llanelly meetings and the attitude of the police. The Rev. W. Griffiths, who a few years ago did much missionary work, especially in North Wales, writes, in regard to our statement that no Unitarian meetings had been held in Llanelly for about forty years, that he held meetings there in the Athenæum Hall in February and March, and that he gave lectures at Ammanford in the same months. We are sorry for the inadvertence, and trust that the efforts of our friend helped to secure the splendid hearing that our missionaries have received in the town. The other note is to inform us that the authorities refused at Bridgend to allow the Van to occupy the open space in front of the Town Hall there for the meetings—a site that would accommodate thousands—but that the Tariff Reform Van was allowed to hold a meeting on the self-same spot a week or so after we had been refused! The Rev. D. G. Rees continued his mission at Llanelly with great success, the audience numbering at least 700 on the Monday and Tuesday evenings. The last night was wet. The Independent Labour Party kindly placed their hall at the disposal of the missionaries, and a small meeting was held there. On the 16th inst. the Van was taken to the small village of Lougher, but no meeting was possible the first night, and the weather remained unsettled until the week-end. Lougher is in the very heart of the "Revival" district, but good meetings have been held, and Mr. Barnes writes of the kindness with which the missionaries have been received. Meetings have also been held at Gowerton and Gorseinon, and the Van is now back in the neighbourhood of Swansea, at Landore.

DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

LONDON DISTRICT.—Hounslow, July 13 to 15, three meetings, attendance 2,200; Brentford, July 16 to 19, three meetings, 750.

MIDLAND DISTRICT.—Wellington, July 13 to 16, four meetings, attendance 560; Ironbridge, July 17 to 19, three meetings, 550.

SCOTLAND.—Falkirk, July 13 to 15, two meetings, attendance 1,600; Camelon, July 16 to 19, four meetings, 1,250.

SOUTH WALES.—Llanelly, July 13 to 15, two meetings, 1,400 (one indoor meeting additional, 501); Lougher, July 16 to 19, three meetings, attendance 800 (Sunday afternoon meeting additional, 125).

TOTALS.—July 13 to 19, twenty-four evening open-air meetings; attendance 9,110; average, 380.

THOS. P. SPEDDING, *Missionary Agent.*

SCOTTISH VAN.—On Monday, July 13, and Tuesday, July 14, we had fine meetings at Falkirk, nearly a thousand persons being present. On Wednesday I took a holiday, but on Thursday, I was back again at the van. In the pouring rain we moved to Camelon. The Van was left at the place of meeting as an advertisement, but I feared there would be no lecture because of the weather. At 8.30, however, the rain stopped and I began. We had about 250 persons present. On Friday again it rained, but I had quite 350 hearers. On Saturday my meeting was not so large. On Sunday I had a fairly heavy day. In the morning I preached at the Universalist Church at Stenhousemuir; in the afternoon I was at Grangemouth, addressing a Trades Union demonstration, and in the evening I lectured at Camelon for ninety minutes to about 400 people. I remain here until Friday, July 24, when I take my Van to Grangemouth.

E. T. RUSSELL.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

Canterbury.—Another link with the past has further thinned our little congregation. Mrs. Caroline Parsons, ever since her husband's death in 1884, caretaker at Blackfriars Chapel, and well known as a hard-working woman almost to the end, died July 17, aged 71. The Rev. Dr. Greaves read the service at the grave.

Cirencester.—The annual sermons were preached on July 12 by the Rev. Henry Austin, who gave an historical address in the morning, and in the evening on "The Gospel of Jesus Sufficient for the Present Case." In its essence an eternal gospel. The chapel was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the singing under the direction of Miss Austin was very effective. Attendances and collections were good.

Crewkerne.—The Sunday-school anniversary services on Sunday last at the Unitarian Chapel here, were the most successful yet held in connection with this place of worship. Large congregations assembled at each service, the chapel being very crowded in the afternoon and evening. The Rev. Alfred Sutcliffe was the preacher, and at the scholars' service in the afternoon short addresses, which were greatly enjoyed, were given by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Blake.

Derby: Appointment.—The Rev. A. Thornhill, B.A., has accepted an invitation to the pulpit here, and will enter on his duties Aug. 16.

Leeds: Holbeck.—At a service held in the schoolroom on Sunday afternoon, when 200 scholars and teachers were present, E. O. Dodgson, Esq., president of the Yorkshire Sunday School Union gave an address on the "Making of Character," and presented the Union prizes to forty-four scholars who had been successful in the examinations conducted by the Union. Fifty-one scholars entered, and forty-four passed in the following subjects:—The "103rd Psalm," girls, 1st class, 10; 2nd, 3; boys, 1st, 4, 2nd 7. "Elizabeth Fry," boys, 1st, 5; 2nd, 3. "Life of Whittier," girls, special merit, 1; 1st, 2. "Half-hours with the Parables," girls, 1st, 3; 2nd, 3. "Bible Stories," girls, 1st, 2; 2nd, 1.

Midland Sunday-school Association.—On July 18 eighty-five teachers and friends had an outing to Hollywood, and visited Kingswood Church. The church is dear to Dissenters, but it is particularly dear to Unitarians. Founded in the early days of Dissent, burnt out in the Priestley Riots of 1791, it still holds its open door for those who seek religious freedom. Around its walls and beneath its shade lies the sacred dust of many well-known Unitarians—

Crosskey, Chamberlain, Nettlefold, Ryland, Holway, and others. On the following Sunday afternoon the annual service was held. There were few vacant seats in the huge Town Hall, Birmingham, nearly 3,000 children and adults being present. Among those present were Revs. J. W. Austin, Joseph Wood, W. J. B. Tranter, Miss Chaddick, Messrs. B. Matthews, Kimberley, McStocker, Lawrence, Johnson, Middleton, Willmot, J. H. Forrester, J. P., Cheshire, Hewitt, and the secretaries, Miss Minnie Twist and Rev. Thos. Paxton. The service was conducted by Rev. Thos. Gorton, of Moseley, and the address given by Rev. C. M. Wright, of the Old Meeting, was full of interest. The choir of the Old Meeting Church, Birmingham, under the leadership of Mr. A. J. Cotton, who also presided at the organ, sang an anthem.

Wakefield.—The annual Floral Services were held on the 12th inst., and last Sunday the services were also of a special and commemorative character. The Rev. C. A. Ginever, of Dover, officiated at the morning service, giving a very able discourse. Madame Ginever preached in the evening, when the chapel was crowded in every part. The musical service in the afternoon was taken by Mr. Ginever and Mr. Chalmers, the former giving the address to the Sunday-school children and their friends. It was the first time that a lady had been heard in Westgate Chapel, and Madame Ginever, whose eloquent lectures in Wakefield had already secured her a high reputation, achieved a fresh triumph in the pulpit. A noteworthy feature in the service was a hymn written for the occasion by Mr. Chalmers. Last Sunday the Rev. A. Chalmers lectured in the evening on "The Heroic Age of Unitarianism in Hungary." The school feast was held on the one sunshiny day of a gloomy week, and the party numbered nearly 300, the outing being admirably organised and enjoyable from first to last.

OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, July 26.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.
Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. S. P. PENWARDEN.
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.
Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.

HEALTH IN THE GLASS

is to be found by all who drink this pure UNFERMENTED juice of the grape. As a delightful and sustaining beverage there is nothing like

MOSTELLE

which is NON-ALCOHOLIC sterilized Grape Juice direct from the vineyards of Spain. It is palatable to abstainer and non-abstainer and is most refreshing when diluted with table water

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| A | A |
| DOCTOR | SAMPLE |
| SAYS:— | BOTTLE |
| "It possesses | and descriptive |
| all the virtues of | booklet sent to |
| wine & fresh fruit | any address for |
| in a combination | ONE SHILLING |
| which is unique." | post free. |
| Of High-class | If your Stores |
| Stores, &c. Small, | do not keep it, we |
| 12/- doz. Large, 18/- | send 2 doz. Car- |
| doz. Red or White | riage paid. |

THE GRAPE JUICE CO., Ltd.,
(DEPT. E), 7, CT. TOWER ST., LONDON, E.C.

Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
 Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11, R. N. CROSS; 6.30, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 6.30, Mr. DUNN.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. HENRY RAWLINGS.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.
 Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Ilford, The Cleveland Hall, Cleveland Road, 7, Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11.15 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.
 Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER, B.A.
 Peckham, Avondale road, 11 and 6.30.
 Plumstead, Common-road Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 Rev. FELIX TAYLOR, B.A. No Evening Service.
 Stepney Green, College Chapel, 11, Mr. W. R. MARSHALL; 7, Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, M.A.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. E. A. CARLIER; 6.30, Mr. T. ELLIOT.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 11.5 and 7, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.
 Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, J. GLYNN DAVIES.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. McDOWELL.
 BEDFORD, 2.30 and 6.30.
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. C. COK.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BUXTON, Harrington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 DOUGLAS, I.O.M., The Gymnasium, Kensington-road (off Bucks-road), 11 and 6.30, Ministers from Manchester and District.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. ARTHUR GINEVER, B.A.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. H. VANCE, B.D.
 FRAMLINGHAM, 11 and (first Sunday in month only) 6.30.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
 HARROGATE, Dawson's Rooms, St. Mary's Walk, 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A. LL.B., "The Destined Salvation of all Men."
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GERTRUD VON PETZOLD.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. FEANK WALTERS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton Park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. PARRY.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. M. LIVERS.

A. I. WRIGHT (TREADWELL & WRIGHT),

ESTABLISHED 1845.

33, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

The Shorthand Writer appointed by the Court in Public and Private Examinations under the Companies Acts. One of the Official Shorthand Writers to the Court of Bankruptcy.

Shorthand and Typewriting

COMPETENT MEN SENT OUT FOR EMERGENCIES AND ARREARS.

Country Orders for Typewriting despatched same night if required.

Telephone No. 4865 Central.

Board and Residence.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Elvaston, West Cliff, BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT. Unrivalled position on sea front, close to the Highcliffe Hotel. 50 rooms. Full-sized billiard tables. Lovely grounds, with access to Cliff Promenade. Due south. Near Unitarian Church. Illustrated Tariff.—Apply, Mrs. and Mr. Pocock.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.—"Cran-tock," 59, Warrior-square. First-class BOARD AND RESIDENCE; most comfortable throughout. Sea View, excellent cuisine. billiard and smoke room, sanitary certificate.—Mr. and Mrs. SIDNEY P. POTTER.

NEWQUAY, CORNWALL.—APARTMENTS, or would Let Furnished. Sea view.—Mrs. VICKERS, Hazel Mount, Bay View Terrace.

BRIGHTON.—Well-furnished House to let; two months. Three sitting, five bedrooms; every modern convenience; near Downs. Garden. £3 3s. 0d. a week.—Apply, PRIME, Conway House, Harrington-road, Brighton.

SEAFORD, SUSSEX.—Furnished Apartments facing the sea; highly recommended; moderate terms. Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN, 5, Claremont-terrace.

DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

CHALMERS, York Boarding establishment, Castle Terrace, Central Promenade. Unrivalled position on sea front. Boating and bathing opposite door. Perfect sanitation. Excellent cuisine; late dinners.

Telegrams—Chalmers, Douglas, Man.

AS MISS EMILY NEWLING has not been able to let her house furnished she will receive three or four Paying Guests. Near station and park. Lovely view, Bathroom.—15, Penrith-road, Keswick.

Situations.

VACANT AND WANTED

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS. **KYNOC LIMITED** have VACANCIES in their Commercial Department for a few YOUNG GENTLEMEN of good Education and Manners. No Premium required. Term of Indentures four years.—Apply by letter only to the Secretary, Kynoch Limited, Witton, Birmingham.

YOUNG LADY wants suitable situation. Capable housekeeper and companion. Vegetarian. Best references.—Apply, O., INQUIRER Office, 3, Essex-street, W.C.

HOLIDAY ENGAGEMENT required as Governess or Companion to Children, Good references.—Apply, A. M. GREEN, Filstone, Addiscombe-grove, Croydon.

YOUNG LADY, Musical, required as Companion.—Apply, H., INQUIRER Office, 3, Essex-street, London, W.C.

WANTED, in September, a Resident Governess for three children, aged 9, 7, and 5. Must be a thoroughly careful teacher of elementary subjects. Willing to help in household sewing.—Apply, Mrs. JACKS, 28, Holywell, Oxford.

OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 6.45, Rev. JAMES BURTON, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT THORNHILL, M.A.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11, Rev. C. J. STREET; 6.30, Rev. JOHN ELLIS.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW R. SCOTT.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Mechanics' Institute, Dudley-road, 11 and 6.30.
 WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.
 WINDERMERE, Bowness Institute, North Terrace, 11, Rev. DOUGLAS WALMSLEY, B.A.

GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse. 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

BIRTH.

JONES.—On July 18, at The Cottage, Station-road, Hendon, to Mr. and Mrs. Arnold F. Jones, a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

BRAMLEY—DOUTHWAITE.—At St. Mark's Church, Sheffield, on July 22, by the Rev. John Young, M.A., Vicar of Poulton-le-Fyde, Lancashire, assisted by the Rev. C. H. Moxley, M.A., Henry Rickards, second son of the late Herbert Bramley and of Mrs. Bramley, of Thorncliffe, Claremont-crescent, Sheffield, to Edith Mabel, elder daughter of the late William Douthwaite, of Greystones Hall, and of Mrs. Douthwaite, Park-avenue, Sheffield.

SILVER WEDDING.

GRIFFIN—WHITE.—On July 18, 1883, at Avondale Road Church, by the Rev. T. L. Marshall, Alfred Ernest Griffin, of Peckham, son of the late William Henry Griffin, of Hammersmith, to Louisa White, daughter of the late Humphrey White, of Kensington.

DEATHS.

PINNOCK.—On July 16, at Sealands, Blackgang, Frederick Pinnock, youngest son of the late Robert Pinnock, J.P., of Newport, I.W., aged 54.

HUTTON.—On July 10, in Dublin, Arthur William Hutton, of Belfast, only son of Lucius O. Hutton, of Wyckham, Dundrum, Co. Dublin.

LAKE.—On July 19, William Robert Lake, of Alaska, Sutton, Surrey, suddenly, at Sandown, I.W.

THE SIMPLE LIFE HOME (Sea View), 3, ALBANY ROAD, SOUTHPORT.

PRESS OPINIONS.
Sheffield Telegraph: "Imagine a house spaciouly built and furnished with just those things which are needful for health, comfort, and the refinements of existence. Throughout simplicity and exquisite taste."
Manchester City News: "Health and comfort carefully considered."
Milgate Monthly: "Refinement, and the best in art and literature, make it an ideal house. We were amazed at the variety of food."

Send to WARDEN for Prospectus.

THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN, 1908 MODEL.

One of the leading manufacturers of Gold Fountain Pens challenges to demonstrate that their Pens are the very best, and have the largest sale, that no better article can be produced.

They offer to give away 100,000 10/6 Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1908 Model, for 2/6 each

This Pen is fitted with 14-carat Solid Gold Nib, iridium pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft and easy writing and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements.

One of the letters we daily receive:—"Please send me THREE MORE PENS; the half dozen in use are giving every satisfaction to my friends."



THE SELF-FILLING AND SELF-CLEANING PERFECTION FOUNTAIN PEN is a marvel of Simplicity; it deserves to be popular. It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a fill—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The Massive 14-carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed, and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, Medium, Broad, or J points can be had.

This Marvellous Self-Filling Pen, worth 15/-, is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each

Is certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is guaranteed, and money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the Makers, **THE RED LION MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 71, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON,** and acquire this bargain. (Agents wanted.)

Schools, etc.

CHANNING HOUSE HIGH SCHOOL
AND BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
HIGHGATE, LONDON, N. *Head Mistress:* Miss LILIAN TALBOT, B.A. Honours Lond. Preparation for London Matriculation, Trinity College, and Associated Board of Musicians. Healthysituation, Hockey, Cricket, and Swimming. Special terms for daughters of Unitarian ministers. Apply to the HEAD MISTRESS.

LETCHWORTH SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH, HERTS.

SCHOOL FOR BOYS, from six years upwards. Bracing air. Thorough all round, unsectarian education, without break, fitting for professional or other careers. Special regard to health and physical development. Delicate boys properly cared for.

Principal.—J. H. N. Stephenson, M.A.

WILLASTON SCHOOL, NANTWICH.—In the Cheshire Plain, four miles from Crewe. Opened in 1900. Modern Buildings, standing in 24 acres of grounds. Preparation for University Scholarships and Matriculation, or for Professional and Commercial life. For prospectus and particulars of admission on the Foundation apply to the Head Master, H. L. JONES, M.A. (Oxon.), or to the Clerk to the Governors, 38, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

BRIXTON Unitarian Christian Church, EFFRA ROAD.

A BAZAAR

WILL BE HELD IN
ESSEX HALL

ON
FRIDAY, 6th, & SATURDAY, 7th NOVEMBER, 1908,
IN AID OF THE RESTORATION FUND.

Friday, 6th November—Opener: Lady DURNING-LAWRENCE. Chairman: Mr. JOHN HARRISON, President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

Saturday, 7th November—Opener: Mrs. BLAKE ODGERS. Chairman: Mr. HOWARD CHATFIELD CLARKE, Treasurer of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

It is estimated that about £1,000 will be required.

JOHN HARRISON, Treasurer.

"THE UNITARIAN MONTHLY."—Magazine for Unitarian Propaganda. Adopted by churches with or without local page. Issued for last Sunday in each previous month. One copy post free, 1½d.—1s. 6d. a year; 9d. per dozen; 3s. 6d. per 100; extra charge local page.—Address to EDITOR, The Parsonage, Mottram, Manchester.

"THE SPADE AND THE SICKLE."

Monthly Sermons by Rev. Edgar I. Fripp, B.A.
No. 11 (July)—"The Lustitia."

Annual Subscription, 1s. 6d. 86, Manor Park, Bristol.

TYPEWRITING.

Medical and Authors' MSS. carefully and accurately copied. Scientific MSS. a speciality. Foreign copying. Translations, Plays, etc.; Duplicating. Special terms for large quantities, books, or permanent work. Price list and references on application to

MISS COURTICE SAUNDERS,
76, Cornwall Road, Westbourne Park, W.
TELEPHONE: 135 WESTERN.

TYPEWRITING.—Young Lady, expert steno-typist, and highly recommended for literary work, undertakes Typewriting. Special care taken with author's MSS., and absolute accuracy guaranteed. 9d. per 1,000 words; with carbon copy, 1s per 1,000. Specimen of work submitted.—Miss ARCHER, 14, St. Andrew's-chambers, Wells-street, Oxford-street, London, W.

AM I RIGHT?

I take it that you require your MS. to be neatly and clearly typed on a good paper and by a competent operator, for which service you are prepared to pay a reasonable price? Am I right? If so, write or 'phone for my terms at once. I guarantee satisfaction.

C. HERBERT CESAR,
Homefield, Woodstock Road, St. Albans.
LATE OF
10, Grange Road, Canonbury, London, N.

TYPEWRITING, SHORTHAND, TRANSLATING. Authors' MSS. accurately copied at reasonable rates. Special quotations for quantities. First-class work guaranteed. Evening and Secretarial work undertaken with Machine; also typing on machine direct from dictation. **SERMONS A SPECIALITY.**—Miss E. L. STENT, 68, Aldersgate-street, E.C., and 33, Crouch Hall-road, N.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

(TEMPERANCE),
HART ST., BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, LONDON.
Near the British Museum.

This well-appointed and commodious Hotel has passenger Lift; Electric Light in all Rooms; Bathrooms on every Floor; Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Smoking and Billiard Rooms, Lounge; All Floors Fireproof; Perfect Sanitation; Night Porter. Telephone. **Bedrooms** (including attendance) from 3s. 6d. to 6s. per night. Inclusive charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hôte Breakfast and Dinner, from 8s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. per day.

Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.
Telegraphic Address "Bookcraft," London.

Telegrams: "Platefuls, London." Telephone: 3399 Gerrard.

THE NEWTON HOTEL, HIGH HOLBORN.

Opposite British Museum Station. 12 minutes' walk from the City Temple. The centre of the Tube Railways, shops, and Amusements. Handsome public rooms. Electric light throughout. Room, bath, and breakfast, 4s. 6d. Inclusive terms, £2 2s. per week.

Personal Supervision of Proprietresses.

THE NORTH LONDON ADVERTISING AND DISTRIBUTING CO.

29, Thornhill Crescent, Barnsbury, London, N.

Advertisements placed in all papers.

Circulars addressed and distributed at lowest prices.

Estimates free.

E. Norman Reed & Co.,



Artists
in
Stained
&
Leaded
Glass.

Memorial
Windows.

Mosaics.

Church Decorators.

13, Lisle Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Under the direction of Geo. G. LAIDLER

DURING JULY SALE ONLY.

Thousands of bargains in the highest quality genuine Irish Linens, Tweeds, &c. A splendid chance. Money returned if unsatisfactory. Full lists free.—HUTTON'S, 5, Larnie, Ireland.

19TH CENTURY BUILDING SOCIETY, ADELAIDE-PLACE, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.

Assets, £167,000.

DIRECTORS.

Chairman—Sir H. W. LAWRENCE, Bart., J.P.
Deputy-Chairman—MARK H. JUDGE, A.R.I.B.A.
Miss CECIL GRADWELL, ALEXANDER W. LAW-
F. H. A. HARDCASTLE, RENCE, Miss ORME.
F.S.I.

STEPHEN SEAWARD TAYLER.

A SOUND AND READY MEANS OF INVESTMENT.

PREFERENCE SHARES of £10 each now being issued at 4 per cent. Interest free of Income Tax.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AT 3 AND 3½ PER CENT. Interest free of Income Tax.

ADVANCES made to buy or build your own house.

Repayments, Survey Fees, and Law Charges low. Prospectus free.

CHARLES A. PRICE, Manager.

Terms for Advertisements.

Advertisements for THE INQUIRER should be addressed to the PUBLISHER, 3, Essex-street, Strand, London, W.C., and should reach the office not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY, to appear the same week. The scale of charges is as follows:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|-----------------------|---|----|----|
| PER PAGE | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| HALF-PAGE | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| PER COLUMN... .. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| INCH IN COLUMN | 0 | 3 | 6 |

Special Terms for a Series.

Calendar Notices, 10s. per year, 2 lines.

Births, Marriages, Deaths, 6d. per line. Minimum charge, 1/6

Situations Vacant and Wanted,

20 words, 1s.; every 6 words after, 4d.
3 insertions charged as 2.

All payments in respect to THE INQUIRER to be made to E. KENNEDY, 3, Essex-street, Strand London, W.C. The entire remittance should accompany all orders to insert Advertisements.

Printed by UNWIN BROTHERS, LTD., 27, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors by E. KENNEDY, at the Office, 3, Essex-street Strand, London, W.C. Sole Agent, JOHN HEYWOOD, 20 to 28, Lamb Conduit-street, W.C. Manchester (Wholesale). JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate.—Saturday, July 25, 1908.